

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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"HE JUMPED ABOUT THAT FAR, AND I THOUGHT HE HAD GOT AWAY FROM ME—"



"—BUT THAT LAST SHOT FETCHED HIM. HA! HA!"

THE HAPPY HUNTER'S STORY.

A TALE TOLD IN TWO INTERESTING PICTURES BY AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER, EDWARD M'KENLEY, OAKLAND, CAL.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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What Reparation Shall We Demand from China?

(Written for Leslie's Weekly by the Rev. Frederick Brown, Chief of Secret Service with the Allied Expedition to Peking.)

As to the reparation we shall demand from China, my opinion coincides with the opinion of every missionary who was unfortunate enough to be in the siege of Peking. There were such men there as Dr. W. A. P. Martin, president of the Imperial University, who has spent fifty years of his life in China; Rev. John Wherry, D.D., who has been there thirty-six years; Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, D.D., who has lived in China for thirty-four years, and more than sixty other missionaries, most of them with shorter terms of service.

Their opinion was formulated at a meeting held in Peking three days after the relief of the city by the allied troops. Their demand provided for the adequate punishment of the leaders of the anti-foreign movement; the indemnification of all foreign and native Christians for losses of life and property; for the abolition of the present antiquated literary tests for preferment in the Chinese civil service; the substitution of Western learning, the discontinuance of the compulsory worship of Confucius, and the placing of all Chinese, without regard to religious beliefs, on the same educational footing. A radical revision of all court processes in China was insisted upon, with a view to going away with all partiality and corruption, with a further demand for religious liberty in all walks of political life.

So much for the present on the subject of reparation. I shall have more to say before closing. As to the damage we have suffered, it is impossible, as yet, to form any reasonable estimate. It has already been computed in the American newspapers that 150 white missionaries and about 15,000 native converts have been massacred, and that at least 175 American and English missionaries are yet to be heard from. These figures I believe to be fairly accurate. There are many cities in northern China from which we have not yet heard, as the allied troops have not been able to reach them. We are liable never to have thoroughly accurate figures as to the number of white missionaries who have been butchered. We are certain never to know how many native Christians have been victims of Boxer murders. A small church under my own supervision in the city of Tien-Tsin, with a membership of sixty, suffered the beheading of a quarter of the number, outside of the city, just before the allied troops got possession of the Tien-Tsin native city. We have evidence that four ordained native ministers belonging to the conference of North China, and their families as well, were murdered. In my own district of Tien-Tsin every church building but one, the "Wesley," was destroyed, and even that one was struck by four shells. It stands only because it was within the firing-line during the siege. The others were not only demolished, but the bricks were carried away by Boxers and imperial troops. In Peking the "Asbury," the most beautiful if not the largest Protestant church in China, seating about 1,800 persons, was destroyed, along with all the other buildings belonging to the Peking University.

I am aware that it has been a notion of many people in this country that the missionaries in China want military protection in their work. This is not true. I do not believe that missionaries should rely on the military authorities for defense to any greater extent than their mere citizenship warrants. I believe in the separation of church and state up to the point where the resort to violence makes it imperative to defend missionaries as any other citizens or subjects would be protected. In my opinion nothing has occurred in China which in the least degree interferes with the duty which is placed upon all professors of Christianity to propagate the gospel. The martyrdom of thousands of native Christians, most of whom could have recanted had they wished, only tends to strengthen the faith of our clergy there. In this case, as on many former occasions, the blood of martyrs will be the seed of the church. The maintenance of missions will be not a

(Continued on page 302.)

Great Strikes Are Great Failures.

THE rule for years past has been that big strikes are big defeats for the strikers. That of the street-car men in St. Louis in 1900 was an abject failure. More men were involved in it (a little over 3,500) than took part in any previous strike of street-car transit workers in any country, and it lasted longer than any other contest in that field. A strike which involved more persons, that of the building trades of Chicago, also took place in 1900, and was likewise disastrous for those engaged in it. A strike of huge proportions among the collieries of Wales, and another among the miners of Austria, have occurred in 1900, both of which were failures for the strikers, although some slight concessions were made in the Austrian case.

One of the most widespread labor contests which ever took place was the general railroad strike of 1877, which extended through many States, East and West, which lasted three months, which resulted in the destruction of immense amounts of property and the loss of more than 100 lives, and in which the militia and the regular army had to be employed to suppress disorder. The strikers were everywhere beaten. The same was the case in the strike on the Missouri Pacific Railway system in 1886: on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy in 1888; on the New York Central in 1890, and in that of the employees of the Pullman Car Company in 1894, which involved the American Railway Union organization under the direction of Eugene V. Debs, in which the centre of disturbance was in Chicago. This resulted in the sending of Federal troops by President Cleveland to that town, against the protest of Illinois Governor, Altgeld, to protect United States property.

The list of strikes among coal-miners in the United States is long, and repeats the tale of disaster told in the vast majority of the labor wars. All of those in Pennsylvania and adjoining States in the 'seventies and 'eighties, in which the Molly Maguires took a hand, were failures. So was that which took place among the mine-workers of the whole country early in 1894, just before the Pullman contest began, and which involved more miners (200,000) than any other which occurred in the world before or since. That among the anthracite miners in Pennsylvania has thus far been less disastrous to its participants, but bids fair to be only a little less so than were most of its forerunners. The formidable list of the labor disturbances in the United States in the past quarter of a century, which have been destructive to the strikers, injurious to the employers, and costly and embarrassing to the general public, constitutes a powerful argument in favor of the creation of some tribunal by the State similar to the Australian board of arbitration, to which these disagreements can be submitted, and whose findings will be absolutely binding on both parties.

A Cry for Reform.

STARTLING revelations regarding the methods by which city contractors accomplish their purposes have just been made in Cleveland during an investigation of charges of bribery against the common council. An attorney, representing an interested company, testified that a corporation which sought a contract for a police-signal system promised to pay the Cleveland councilmen \$400 per vote, and then undertook to compromise by giving the bribed rascals only \$200. The names of the councilmen who, it is said, stood together in voting so as to get the bulk of the money, were given, and the attorney further testified that one of the councilmen stated that two men were getting a "rake-off of \$8,000" on the contract, and that the signal company had cash enough to get what it wanted from the common council.

It is notorious that bribery prevails in the administrations of nearly every large municipality in the United States. Nobody doubts it and few deny it, yet honest, conscientious tax payers, who could control the situation if they would organize, combine their votes, and go to the polls, neglect that patriotic duty and patiently tolerate the rule of unprincipled, self-seeking political dependents, whose sole object in aspiring to public place is to secure a part of the public plunder. No issue confronting the American people is of more vital importance to their welfare than that of municipal reform. Without the patronage and power which the control of our large municipalities gives to political bosses, the latter would not exist. Deprive Mr. Croker, for instance, of the patronage of New York City for any length of time and he would find his occupation gone.

Municipal reform requires for its accomplishment the perfection of civil-service reform, but no law, however stringent its provisions, can make dishonest men honest. The root of the political evil lies in the character of the men who are chosen for responsible places in our cities. We have repeatedly found that good laws have been perverted or disregarded in the interest of public plunderers. No matter how good the law, it is of no avail without good men to enforce it. The movement by the City Club of New York, a few years ago, for the organization of good-government clubs, was a body-blow at the evils of our political system. It is unfortunate that it was not strengthened and maintained, for it made its influence strongly felt during the first burst of reform enthusiasm. Ward or district associations of tax-payers, leagued together by self-interest and freed from political control, would dominate the local situation, compel the nomination of honest, competent, and trustworthy men for municipal places, and put an end to the shameful conditions which prevail in our large cities, and which arise from the neglect of the citizen to perform his highest duty.

The Plain Truth.

SOME of the opposition orators, who started in to fight for free silver and then switched to imperialism and next to trusts, are now making the department stores the chief subject of their argument. This is pretty "small potatoes" for a great national party to feed on. The origin of the department store may be traced to the rural districts. It will be found in every Four Corners to-day. The postmaster who sells postage stamps deals also, as a rule, in dry goods and wet goods, in hardware and soft ware, in glue and groceries. The country store was the prototype of the department store. The only difference between the two now is that the city department store has a separate counter for every separate class of goods, while the

country store-keeper, over the same counter, sells his customers anything, from a jug of molasses to a package of pins. Where shall we draw the line on the department stores? If we wipe out the big one in the city, what will become of the little one in the country?

It is a curious fact that imperialism was the issue in the elections in England this fall, as it is the chief issue in the election in the United States. The English returns show that the sustaining of the nation's flag is a winning issue in the mother country, and betting indicates that it will win also in the United States. Sentiment is a strong influence in politics, as in everything else. Those who are ready to fight for the flag and to die for it constitute a large element of the population in every country, but it is easier to vote for the flag than to fight or die for it, and anti-imperialists find it impossible to convert the contention of their opponents that the supremacy of "Old Glory," more than anything else, is involved in the matter. Political leaders who recall the patriotic demonstrations attending the use of the flag in various heated campaigns from the beginning of the Civil War will also recall that this has always been a potent influence in favor of the victorious party. Whatever the merits of the controversies in the past may have been, the fact that anti-imperialists were not regarded as the color-bearers of the nation was a serious handicap to the cause for which they so eloquently pleaded. And history is repeating itself in the Presidential campaign now drawing to a close.

A concerted movement by the drug trade of the United States is said to be under way to secure the repeal of the internal-revenue stamp taxes on proprietary medicines. The income of the government is in excess of its expenditures, and it is the general belief that the necessity no longer exists for the imposition of the additional taxes levied during the war with Spain. It is not surprising that the druggists have taken steps to secure the repeal of those on proprietary medicines. It is always wise to avoid as far as possible the little annoying taxes, such as those on proprietary medicines, bank-checks, sleeping-car tickets, telegrams, and insurance policies. The aggregate of these adds but little to the government's income, while each tax is a constant source of annoyance to the masses. The internal revenues of the government should be derived as largely as possible from luxuries, such as liquor, beer, and tobacco, for while luxuries deserve to be taxed, the necessities of life and matters that administer to the comfort and well-being of the people should, as far as possible, be exempt from governmental levies. Furthermore, these little taxes which are so generally opposed are calculated to strengthen demagogic protests against the administration as an instrument of popular oppression. It is surprising that political leaders have not realized the potentialities of such a situation.

A suggestion worthy of the serious attention of Congress is made by Dr. A. H. Doty, the very competent health officer of the port of New York. He says that yellow fever will continue to live in Havana and to have serious outbreaks every summer until \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000 is put in a first-class sewerage system for that city, and he advises that Congress make an appropriation for the performance of this work, because the Cubans, being immune, do not realize its importance and therefore will not spend the money. Dr. Doty, whose careful guardianship of the sanitary interests of the great port of New York have won the admiration of all our commercial bodies, says that business reasons would justify the proposed action of Congress. The fruit trade is practically shut out from our gulf ports during the entire summer, and even the shipping bound for New York is subject to serious delays and restrictions because no one can come from the fever-infected port of Havana to this country by way of Florida without jeopardizing the health of the community. The recent serious outbreak of yellow fever in Havana, Dr. Doty says, need not alarm the people of New York, because the disease cannot live in our climate, and in the course of a month or two the frosts will furnish sure protection to the cities of the South. Dr. Doty's suggestion regarding the purification of Havana should have the prompt attention of Congress at the approaching session. It is a matter which President McKinley might well consider in his annual message.

In an address recently delivered before the national prison congress at Cleveland the Hon. C. V. Collins, superintendent of the New York state-prisons, displayed a keener perception of our duty to criminals than has obtained in the past. He believes, first of all, in teaching the criminal the folly and actual loss of defying the laws of society. More than that, "the ideal penal institution," he says, "should combine with elementary mental training the functions of a sanatorium, a reformatory, and an industrial school." Most prisoners have more or less serious physical ailments that act as constant irritants. Their cells, built on the plan of seventy-five years ago, according to the superintendent, are altogether too small and unhealthful. Occupation for prisoners is essential, according to this same painstaking authority. He condemns the practice of giving easy clerical positions in prison to old offenders of proven capacity at their tasks, as it tends to build up a privileged class in prison who grow to look upon the institution as the best sort of home. Superintendent Collins believes in the moral, mental, physical, and industrially-productive up-building of criminals, so that when they return to the world they may find a place for which their newly-acquired qualifications fit them. As penal statistics show that a large percentage of the occupants of our prisons are men and women who have served former terms in either county or state-prisons, Mr. Collins insists that both county and State penal institutions should be placed under the control of one head, in order that more uniform results in reformation along the lines he points out may be accomplished. Heretofore we have punished without more than the most superficial investigation as to what Herbert Spencer would have called "first causes." Revenge and reformation are as different as night and day. Any tendency to glorify the criminal must be condemned. He is a social cancer, but as such he is entitled to close and sympathetic study as to cause and cure. If society neglects this study, with its logical deductions and application of discoveries, then we are more guilty than the criminal. So far, society has been the real criminal.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

GLEN KONVALINKA is an Iowa boy six years old, who can kill six and eight out of ten pigeons on the wing in ten shots.



GLEN KONVALINKA, CHAMPION YOUNG RIFLE SHOT.

Although not large for his age, he is fond of athletic sports and is an expert swimmer. About two months ago a little playmate four years old got beyond his depth in a stream of water near Mason City. Glen swam to his rescue, and after twenty minutes of hard work succeeded in getting him into shallow water. Mr. Konvalinka is so proud of his son that he recently presented him a combination shot-gun and rifle, made especially light for the boy to handle. He is a better shot on the wing than many of the grown-up hunters in this part of the State.

—Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, has led the life of a model Christian wife and mother, and set



PRINCESS VICTORIA, THE ONLY UNMARRIED DAUGHTER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

her people a truly noble example in many things, not the least among these being her obedience to the Scriptural injunction: "Be ye fruitful and multiply." Her own children numbered seven, and these, in turn, have all married early and had large families, the line of marriage and increase continuing until at the present time the Queen has the rare privilege of gathering around her hospitable board a family host of over a hundred members, representing, with herself, four generations of the royal blood. Thirty-nine of these are great-grandchildren, the latest being a daughter born a few weeks ago to the Duchess of Teck. The Prince of Wales has one son and three daughters, all of them married except Victoria, whose picture is herewith given. This young lady was born on July 6th, 1868, and has been one of the favorites of her royal grandmother. She is said to be very fond of outdoor sports, and is a confirmed cyclist.

—It is a rare year that does not witness somewhere in the world the rise of some founder or would-be founder of a new religious faith; some teacher of a new religious mysticism; some person claiming to have a new revelation from heaven. Our own enlightened land is not without its share of these people, but in some parts of the world they are more numerous than here. Many of them here and everywhere are downright impostors; others are sincere but half-crazed fanatics, while others have a message which is undoubtedly of real benefit to mankind. To which of these classes Father John of Cronstadt belongs it would not be easy to say. He is a Russian priest, to whom his countrymen have attributed miraculous powers. He has impressed himself so deeply upon the belief of the Russian people that he is not only sought by the lowest of the population, but was summoned to the death-bed of the late Czar, and is constantly consulted by the highest personages. Crowds of men and women come from every part of the Russian empire to the city on the Gulf of Finland and struggle for the privilege of touching even the hem of Father John's garment. Many truly wonderful cures are ascribed to his agency. He will accept no fees for his work, and lives a truly self-denying life. The authorities of the orthodox Russian church do not indorse Father John, but he is so popular that they have not thought it wise to interfere with his operations.



FATHER JOHN OF CRONSTADT, THE FAMOUS MIRACLE-WORKER.

—Among the noble and ancient families of England who have been represented on South African battle fields during the recent struggle none has a higher or more brilliant record than the house of Marlborough. The present duke of that name was at the seat of war for a time in the capacity of military secretary on the staff of Lord Roberts. He has since returned to England, and it was he who gave away Lady Randolph Churchill on the occasion of the marriage of that lady to Lieutenant West. The duke comes of fighting stock, as the course of English history for centuries past bears abundant evidence. The Duchess of Marlborough, it will be remembered, was no other than Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, whose marriage to the head of the famous and historic English family was one of the most brilliant social events of recent years. It is said that the Vanderbilt family have large holdings in the Transvaal, a fact which adds significance to the participation of the duke in the South African war. Our picture of the duchess is from a painting by Carolus Duran, and is said to be a strikingly faithful likeness.



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, FORMERLY MISS CONSUELO VANDERBILT, OF NEW YORK.

—Lady Sarah Wilson's experiences at war during the siege of Mafeking and Kimberley have evidently not dampened her ardor in the slightest, for it is now announced that she will start for China, following up her chosen line of amusement as war correspondent. Her thrilling adventures in South Africa, where she was captured by the Boers, when she spent days under shell and rifle-fire, might be envied by the most venturesome of men, and now she is off for new fields. Lady Sarah is the aunt of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, and a relative of Winston Spencer Churchill. She is a thorough sportswoman, a good shot, a fearless rider, and a brilliant writer. There was not a man among the correspondents who saw more fighting, who encountered more hardship, and who was less complaining than Lady Sarah Wilson, and, with all the difficulties that she experienced, she managed to get her dispatches through the Boer lines to let the outer world know how it fared with Baden-Powell and his plucky command. Now the reports of the Chinese situation coming from her pen will be sure to have exceptional interest to all who admire a plucky woman's grit.



LADY WILSON, THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

—Little Grace Bunnell is a girl whom the people of Decatur, Tex., believe is to become a great artist. Grace has amused



GRACE BUNNELL, THE YOUNGEST PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE UNITED STATES.

herself in her father's studio and dark-room since she was a baby, although she is less than six years old now. Before she was five years of age Grace became so fond of her father's work that he could hardly keep her out of the studio when he was posing people. One day she asked him if he would let her make a picture of her dolls. Mr. Bunnell allowed her to arrange

them, and was surprised at the artistic way in which they were placed in front of the camera. He allowed her to look through the screen upon which the images were focused, and to place them to her satisfaction. Then he inserted the plates and taught her how to take the picture—in other words, made the exposure. The result was an excellent photograph, although Mr. Bunnell developed it. This was the beginning of a series of lessons in photography which lasted several months. One day she asked her father to sit for her. She placed him in the position desired, made all the arrangements in the camera, and "took his picture." After the plate had been exposed she took it into the dark-room, developed it, and printed it. No aid whatever was given her, except that her father mixed the chemicals. When the picture was taken Grace was but four years and seven months old. Since then she has helped her father occasionally, and several times has posed people who came to the studio. Grace is eagerly waiting for her eighth birthday, when her father intends to make her a present of a little studio of her own, and, as he calls it, to "set her up in business" for herself. The picture of the little photographer which is reproduced was her own idea. In order to give more effect to the view she borrowed her father's spectacles.

—The history of the royal house of Bavaria for several generations past has afforded what ought to be a striking and salutary lesson to all men in all positions, high or low, of the results of wild and vicious living. It shows that even all the power and wealth of kings cannot avert the awful consequences of such a manner of life. Louis I. of Bavaria, the grandfather of the present King, was compelled finally to abdicate his crown because of his vile and shameless intrigues and escapades. His grandson and successor, Ludwig II., had a career no less prodigal and notorious, and finally brought it to a sudden and inglorious end by committing suicide near his palace of Berg in 1886.



KING OTTO, OF BAVARIA, CONFINED IN A MADHOUSE.

This act left the Bavarian crown to Otto, a brother of Ludwig, who is still living, but has never actually occupied the throne. He evidently inherited a diseased mind, and his malady grew upon him as his age advanced until it assumed an acute form which made it necessary to place him in confinement. He was taken to the Furstenreid Castle, a lonely retreat, and there for over twenty-five years he has lived in gloom and silence, an incurable maniac. He smokes incessantly, it is said, and only at rare intervals seems to realize in a dim way that he is a king. The real ruler of Bavaria all these years has been Prince Leopold, who was appointed regent three days before the suicide of the crazy Ludwig.

—The town of Chicago Junction, O., is quite a little city. It contains about 4,000 people, and to supply their needs a number



ETHEL STREETER, THE YOUNGEST MERCHANT IN OHIO.

of large shops are conducted. One of them is owned by Mrs. Streeter & Daughter. This is the firm name. During the last two years Mrs. Streeter has not taken an active part in attending to customers or buying goods. Really, her daughter has been the head of the store. Ethel is nine years old, but does not look to be over seven. She has to buy and sell cloth for dresses, pins, needles, and other notions, hats, shoes, china, tinware, groceries, and a thousand and one things which go to make up what is called in the United States a "general store." She knows the prices of everything on the shelves, the proper qualities to buy, keeps all of the accounts in the little desk in one corner, writes the business letters in a plain round hand, carries the money to the bank to be deposited, and does everything but sign bank checks, which, according to the law, she is too young to do. Ethel has two clerks, both of whom are much older than she, to direct. Every three or four months she goes to one of the large cities to buy stock. She is well known to the firms who have dealt with Mrs. Streeter & Daughter, and they treat her as they do the grown people who also come to purchase. Sometimes Ethel's bill for goods purchased amounts to over \$1,000, but she never makes a mistake in payment, and "Ethel's store," as it is called in Chicago Junction, has the reputation of selling good quality at low prices. Everything about it is kept neatly and orderly, and trade has been steadily increasing. The little business woman was taught writing, reading, and arithmetic by her mother, but has never had time to go to any school.



THE SOUTHERN GATE OF PEKING, NEAR WHICH CAPTAIN REILLY, OF THE FIFTH ARTILLERY, WAS KILLED.



STRAGGLING SOLDIERS INSPECTING THE FORBIDDEN CITY, AFTER THE FORMAL ENTRY OF THE ALLIED FORCES.



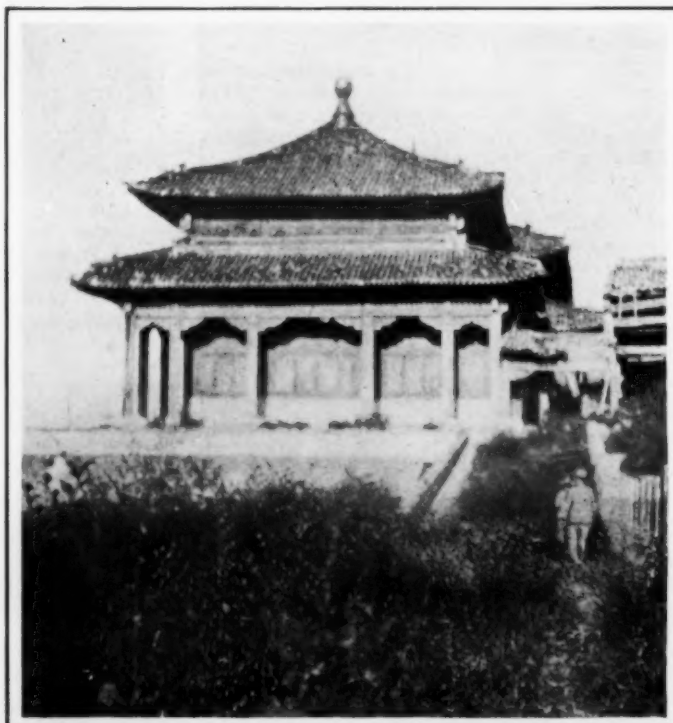
THE MAGNIFICENTLY-CARVED MARBLE COLUMN, THE SYMBOL OF POWER, STANDING BEFORE THE SOUTHERN GATE OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY.



REGULARS OF REILLY'S BATTERY, FIFTH ARTILLERY, UNITED STATES ARMY, SCALING THE WALL OF THE IMPERIAL CITY TO MOUNT A GUN AT THE TOP—PHOTOGRAPHED UNDER FIRE.



RUSSIAN TROOPS SALUTING THE ENGLISH SOLDIERS AS THEY MARCHED OUT OF THE SACRED PRECINCTS OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY—ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC INCIDENTS OF THE OCCASION.



THE TOP OF THE WALL OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY, SHOWING THE WATCH-TOWER IN THE BACKGROUND.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS EVER TAKEN OF "THE FORBIDDEN CITY" IN PEKING.

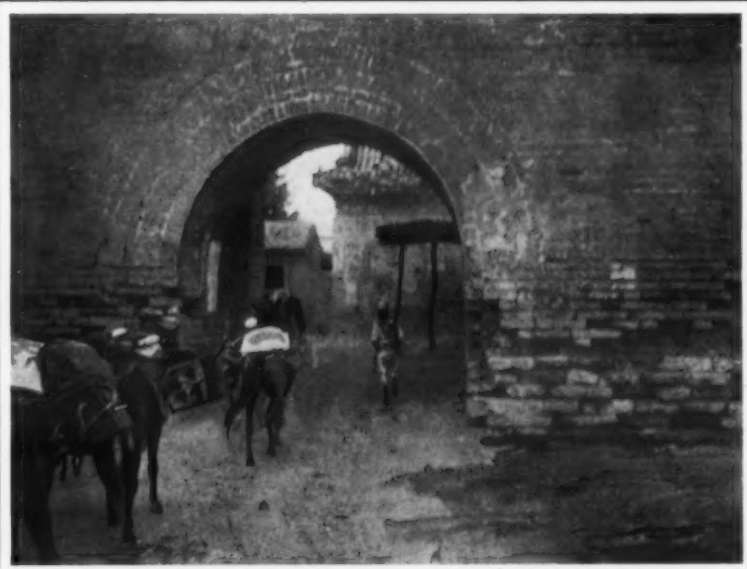
CHINA'S SACRED CITY, HITHERTO HIDDEN FROM THE PUBLIC EYE, UNCOVERED BY THE CAMERA.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN CHINA, SYDNEY ADAMSON.



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS PATROLLING THE LEADING STREET OF TUNG-CHOW, TWELVE MILES FROM PEKING.



THE FAMOUS DRAGON THRONE OF CHINA, IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY—THIS IS THE FIRST AND ONLY PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF THE CHINESE EMPEROR'S THRONE.



ALLIED FORCES ENTERING THE INNER GATE OF TUNG-CHOW, ON THE MARCH TO PEKING.



WEARY JAPANESE SOLDIERS, AFTER A HARD MARCH, ENTERING TUNG-CHOW.



GENERAL CHAFFEE IN COMMAND OF THE AMERICAN FORCES, NEAR TUNG-CHOW, ON THE MARCH TO THE CHINESE CAPITAL.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE CHINESE CAPITAL.

THE MARCH OF THE ALLIED FORCES THROUGH TUNG-CHOW TO PEKING.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA, SYDNEY ADAMSON.

A Thrilling Moose Hunt in Maine.



It's quite a trick to kill a bull-moose. The man who goes to Maine for the first time after one of these monarchs usually has very little idea of the work before him, and ninety nine times out of a hundred he decides that he will "wait till next year" before making a try, and he comes out of the State satisfied with a good buck and the fact that he has had a fine trip. Deer can be killed within easy distance of the sporting-camps, and there is little or no hardship in hunting them under favorable circumstances; but the man who gets a moose must work, unless he is exceptionally fortunate. Deer do not seem to avoid civilization of a moderate sort, but the moose has a positive dislike for it, and, with the exception of the close season, when the law protects them, they are rarely seen.

And so it was that we all winked knowingly when Mr. First Hunt, who had just arrived in camp, took occasion to remark at the supper-table that he would be satisfied with nothing short of a moose. He turned up his nose at the handsome bucks which were hanging on the cabins, said deer-hunting must be tame sport when they could be shot in such numbers, and retired after giving orders for an early breakfast, and stating that he was to strike off into the wilderness with his guide in the morning. But the next morning Mr. First Hunt wandered in for the late breakfast, and remarked indifferently that he hadn't realized how worn out he was after a year's hard work in the city. He thought it best to rest a few days and acclimate himself a bit; but, mind you, he wasn't going to do any deer-hunting. The few days passed and still the proposed moose-hunt did not materialize; and then suddenly Mr. First Hunt's stay was nearly up and there wasn't time to go on the moose-hunt, so early the next day he went deer-hunting, and we all chuckled gleefully.

But Mr. First Hunt had taught me a lesson. Year after year I had been coming to the woods and doing practically the same thing, going home each year with an oath upon my lips that on my "next" trip it should be a moose or nothing. I thought it all over that night as I sat before the little rustic fire-place in my cabin and gazed into the glowing embers. It seemed as if everything had conspired against me. The weather was bad, the forest in poor condition, or something of the sort; but, in truth, I knew that in the bottom of my heart I hated to leave the comfortable camp-beds and the good table of the dining-room. Then I pulled myself together, filled my cold pipe, and hurried over to the guide's cabin and called out Joe, my guide.

"Joe," I said, "we are going after that moose to-morrow. I want things in readiness to start at daylight. You understand?"

"Yessir," chuckled Joe, with an apparent "I've-heard-that-before" air; but I kept quiet. I saw that Joe hadn't the least idea that we were going, but still I knew he would have everything in readiness. I crawled in between the blankets that night and went to sleep with the resolve on my mind. When Joe called me at five o'clock I responded immediately, and five minutes later was standing on the cabin porch.

It was early in November. The season was late, and as yet there had been no snow and little severe weather. The air was chill, but crisp. A soft-gray haze lay in the forest, and the morning mists were playing fantastically on the surface of the lake, rosy with the reflection of the sun, which was just peeping over Ragged Mountain. The camp was silent, and there was no sign of life save the light which shone in the kitchen window and the tiny thread of smoke that curled up from the fire over which Joe was preparing breakfast. I hurried over with a keen appetite, for venison steak is good and Joe can cook it; and then his coffee never fails; and his flapjacks! Breakfast over, we shouldered our packs and made our way to the canoe-landing, just as the sun cast its first rays down the lake. Into the canoe we tumbled, and a moment later Joe was pushing the little craft through the water at a rapid rate, as we made for the trail on the opposite side of the pond. I laughed merrily to think how disappointed the camp would be when I didn't appear at breakfast, and a loon, swimming 200 yards off, answered me mockingly.

We were bound for a point twenty seven miles "in," where a moose was a certainty, and we were going to take it easy. Joe carried the supplies in a big pack-basket, and while they were plentiful because the length of our stay was to be indefinite, the variety was not very extensive. There was plenty of flour, a few potatoes, a good slice of bacon, some salt-pork, tea, coffee, condensed milk, butter, a bottle of molasses, and some dried apples, not to mention a few other odd necessities, including a baker's tin plate, knives, and the like. I had two heavy double

blankets rolled into a neat pack on my back, and carried a rifle in my hand. Joe's only weapons were my heavy revolver, which he wore about his waist, and his axe, which he carried.

We were to cover twelve miles the first day, and then to rest until the following day before finishing the journey. Twelve miles is not much of a tramp to one accustomed to the woods-life, even with a moderate pack, and as the road was good we set forward merrily. A heavy rain several days before had deadened the sound of the leaves, and we made little noise. Sometimes we startled a deer or came upon a strutting partridge. Here and there a stiff climb took our breath, and then we found an easy descent to a murmuring stream of cold, pure water, where we refreshed ourselves; and on all sides the dense forest surrounded us, impassable, unconquerable, save where here and there old logging-roads, long disused, made great avenues through the trees. Noon found us beside a little stream, toasting bacon over the fire on sharp sticks and sipping coffee, with our destination, Deer Pond Camps, four miles away. After a rest and a smoke we pushed on again, and two hours later we stood upon the shores of a wild and beautiful lake, majestic in its silence, superb in the colors of autumn. Joe pulled a canoe out from under a pile of fir boughs, where it had been stored for the winter, and we were soon at the camp. We houghed the beds freshly, and then Joe chopped wood while I violated the game laws to the extent of two nice trout, enough for supper.

Then Joe made bread while I rolled the fish in corn-meal and fried them in salt-pork fat, looking after the tea meanwhile. Then we had supper. Illegal trout fried to a crisp, with Joe's surpassing biscuits with butter and molasses, and a cup of tea with condensed milk. Who could ask for more?

A comfortable night in camp and we were on again while the day was yet young. Nine miles lay before us and a canoe which was to carry us to our destination. At noon we were resting on the banks of a little river, and our duffle lay in the canoe. An hour later we were gliding swiftly down-stream to the lean-to which was to be our headquarters, six miles away. We arrived at twilight, and a bright fire was soon crackling cheerfully in front of the lean-to, and the sound of Joe's axe, as he chopped wood for the night, awoke the echoes of the silent forest.

Now a lean-to is comfortable enough if you are accustomed to it. It keeps off wind and rain and catches the heat of the great open fire, making it warm and cozy, but sleeping on the ground on a bed of boughs in one's clothes, rolled up in a big double-blanket, is unusual to the novice. And besides, there's the strangeness about sleeping out-of-doors, and it makes the nervous man uneasy to gaze up at the stars and feel the cool night air on his brow; but Joe and I didn't mind, for we'd roughed it often before. So after supper we sank into an easy slumber, one or the other waking from time to time during the night to rise and throw wood on the fire.

Joe was off at dawn after a deer which was to give us fresh meat during our stay, and I had breakfast waiting when he returned, two hours later, with a fat spike-horn.

The day was spent in getting a lay of the land, and though we found plenty of "signs," no moose were seen. Several days passed in the same manner, and I soon got so I enjoyed the long tramps and the strange, wild life. There was excitement enough, for now and then we started a moose, and we were satisfied that they were all about us, but we had only had a sight at two good bulls, and no shot. Then fortune favored us and a light snow fell during the night. Joe was jubilant. I hardly believe he slept that night, for each time I awoke I found him sitting by the fire with his pipe in his mouth. At daylight he pulled me out and we struck off into the forest with a day's rations and the coffee-pot.

Two miles from camp, on a high ridge, we struck a trail—two cows and a bull. The animals were apparently several hours ahead of us and moving, Joe thought, but we advanced with great caution for fear they might have stopped and lain down. On through the forest went the great tracks. Here and there dainty rabbit footprints intermingled with them, or a deer's sharp hoofs cut in, while farther on the clean, round tracks of a fox or the running, uneven trail of a grouse was seen.

For two hours we followed silently as shadows. Not a word was spoken. Then suddenly the tracks left the forest and ran along an old tote road. By this time it was apparent that we were gaining, and with the open road before us we were able to increase our pace almost to a run without fear. Fatigue we knew not; hunger's pangs we had forgotten. The miles grad-

ually lengthened behind us, and as each was passed the tracks increased in freshness. Presently we came to a place where the animals had stopped to feed, and when we took the trail again we knew that we were close upon the quarry. The imprints were sharp and clear, though there was some wind and the snow was light.

"They're not more than twenty minutes ahead of us," whispered Joe; "perhaps not that."

Then we came to where the animals had stopped again, and after that we found the footprints so fresh that the snow had not yet hardened from the warmth of the animals' hoofs, and the little bits of snow thrown up as the feet were lifted were yet moist. Joe bent over like a panther; he crept along like a shadow, and I could see his eyes gleam and his breast heave. We rounded a little bend in the road and came in sight of a bit of lumber-yard clearing. Joe stopped so suddenly that I barely escaped stumbling over him. He scanned the open space with the eye of a lynx, and touched my arm cautiously.

"There they are," he whispered, hoarsely, "over at the right there, in the underbrush."

My heart thumped like a trip-hammer, and to save my soul I could make nothing out. The distance was fully two hundred yards—too long for a shot. We crept into the forest and glided along beside the road. Presently we came to the edge of the clearing, and peering out from behind Joe I could make out two dark forms clearly in the shadow of the forest on the other side, some seventy yards away. I raised my rifle nervously.

"No!" hissed Joe. "The bull's not there. Wait a bit; he'll be out presently."

The great ungainly cows moved about clumsily, oblivious to danger. Presently they left the shadows of the forest and walked into the sunlight of the clearing, nibbling at the tops of the bare bushes as they went. Suddenly one of the cows halted abruptly, threw her head into the air, and gave a peculiar grunt. I felt Joe start. Just then the sound was answered from the forest by a hoarse bellow, and a great tearing of underbrush was heard. A minute later a mammoth moose thundered into the open and stood with head erect, his nostrils dilated, full broadside to us. What a magnificent picture he made! I understood at a glance why men love to hunt this "monarch of the forest," for that is what he truly is.

Joe nudged me. I knew the time had come. The long tramps and the hardships of the past week floated before me in a flash. I glanced across the sights and felt my hand tremble. Then I thought of the mortification of defeat; thought what Joe would say.

"Shoot, man; shoot! For God's sake, shoot!" hissed Joe; and then I suddenly steadied, put the bright ivory bead just back of the bull's shoulder, let it sink into the bottom of the rear site, and pulled the trigger. Through the thin veil of smoke I saw the great beast rise, paw the air, and make for the cows with an awful sound. He stopped for a moment, and I fired again at his neck. Then suddenly the trio turned and vanished in the forest, just as I let a third shot go at random.

I was about to bound forward in hot pursuit when Joe restrained me, and we crept across the clearing and entered the woods cautiously. Here and there the white snow was flecked with blood. Fifty yards farther on we came upon the bull, dead. He had tried to leap a wind fall, but the exertion had extinguished the last flicker of life's candle.

HERBERT L. JILLSON.

To Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing, except the name and address of the sender, should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the amateur who took the picture. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat surface paper is not the best for reproduction. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners.

The Paris Exposition.—During the Paris Exposition LESLIE'S WEEKLY will devote a page or more, at intervals, to a special display of photographs taken on the exposition grounds by amateurs. The best photograph, from the standpoint of originality, interest, and artistic merit at the close of the contest, November 1st, will receive a special prize of twenty dollars, and for each photograph accepted two dollars will be paid on publication. Entries should be marked: "For Paris Exposition Amateur Contest." See general directions.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—We offer special prizes of ten dollars to each prize-winner, until further notice, for the most unique, original, and attractive pictures in the following classes: Negro Life, Automobile-driving, Cute Children (babies included), Indian Life, American Frontier Scenes, Gold-hunting in Alaska, Notable Accidents or Catastrophes, Incidents of Travel, Smiling or Laughing Faces. Contestants should mention the class in which they desire to compete.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY PRIZES of \$10 for the prize-winners, and \$2 for each photograph used, for the best photographs available for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's editions.

N. B.—Communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 110 Fifth Avenue." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine," or other publications having no connection with "Leslie's Weekly."

PHOTOGRAPHS RECEIVED AND ENTERED IN THE COMPETITIONS.

General Contest: Tom A. Pynes, Waterford, N. Y.; R. D. Von Niede, Ephrata, Penn.; Mary L. Kimmerly, Prudence, Ok. T.; Oliver Brooks, Lincoln, Neb.; Albert Roy Olsen, Milwaukee, Wis.; Joseph Wilner, Battery H, Havana, Cuba; Theodore D. Wetterstrom, Cincinnati, O.

Negro Life: E. C. Snow, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Paris Exposition: Tom A. Pynes, Waterford, N. Y.; A. L. Palmer, Cleveland, O.; Clifford Ward, Hillsdale, Mich.; Louis Vallot Duval, New York.

Smiling or Laughing Faces: Mrs. E. Van Keuren, Rockton, N. Y.; R. A. Dalluge, Jackson, Mich.; Joseph Wilner, Battery H, Havana, Cuba; Charles Urban, Chicago, Ill.

Cute Children: R. D. Von Niede, Ephrata, Penn.; R. A. Dalluge, Jackson, Mich.; Sara W. Holm, Sedalia, Mo.; Joseph Wilner, Battery H, Havana, Cuba; Nellie F. Sanborn, Franklin Falls, N. H.; Rebecca E. Jackson, Oshkosh, Wis.

Sporting: E. J. Speice, Fostoria, O.; John Krueger, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Incidents of Travel: C. S. Joslyn, Kenwood, N. Y.



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WATCHING A CHAMPIONSHIP GAME—A FASHIONABLE AND INTERESTING CROWD.



THE OAKLAND LINKS, "HEAVENLY TWINS" HOLE—THE GREEN IS SHOWN ON THE HILL AT THE RIGHT, AND THE "TEE" ON THE OPPOSITE HILL ON THE LEFT.

ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING AND POPULAR OF OUT-DOOR SPORTS.
GOLF AS IT IS PLAYED, AND SOME OF THE PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN WHO ENJOY THIS FASHIONABLE DIVERSION.—[SEE PAGE 302.]



(PRIZE-WINNING) TROUT-FISHING IN THE PLATTE CAÑON, COLORADO.
James B. Brown, Jr., Denver.



A WHITE DEER, THE HUNTER'S CHOICE PRIZE.
F. C. Klady, Ashland, Wis.



CAPTAIN EVANS AND HIS "NORTH CAROLINA AUTOMOBILE."
Captain Evans, New York



A GOOD DAY'S STRING OF FISH.
F. Russell, Saugerties, N. Y.

OUR SPECIAL SPORTING AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

(SEE OFFERS OF VARIOUS SPECIAL PRIZES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY)



CANOE-SAILING ON OAKLAND CREEK, CALIFORNIA.
Arthur Inkersley, San Francisco.



THE TROPHIES OF ONE AFTERNOON'S SPORT IN THE CANADIAN WOODS.
H. A. Morton, Portland, Me.



THE LARGEST BIG-MOUTH BASS CAUGHT IN LAKE MINNETONKA, MINN., SIX AND THREE-QUARTERS POUNDS.—*Mrs. W. B. Chamberlain, Minneapolis.*



REMARKABLE SNAP-SHOT OF A HERD OF WILD DEER.
R. H. Johnson, Saranac Lake, New York.



THE TWENTY-FOUR-FOOT "SKIMMING-DISH" "AUDACITER," CARRYING 400 FEET OF CANVAS, ON SPRING LAKE, MICH.
Spencer Ewing, Bloomington, Ill.



CLEANING THE DAY'S CATCH.
E. J. Speice, Fostoria, O.

The Fascinating Game of Golf.



ADDRESSING THE BALL.



TOP OF THE SWING.



END OF THE SWING.

GOLF has revolutionized the life of the more leisurely class in this country to a greater extent than is realized by those who know nothing of its subtle charms. Before its introduction the settled-income man jogged along without incentive to needed exercise. Indeed, there were few sports in which he could indulge without fear of exhausting reaction. Golf has changed all this, and to-day the business man and the man of leisure find in it an opportunity of strengthening sluggish systems without risk of over-exertion. Golf is responsible for the older as well as the younger generation enjoying a cleaner, more simple, and health-sustaining existence, and for this it well deserves the popularity it has won.

One of those ingenious persons who compile interesting statistics has discovered that \$15,000,000 are expended annually in the United States for golfing incidentals. This does not, of course, include the original outlay for club-houses and grounds, so that the grand total assumes startling proportions. In fact, golf has made more progress here in five years than it has abroad in the same number of decades. Wherever people of settled means have established their country homes a golf-links has become a necessity, while the number of courses maintained within an hour's ride of the larger cities and supported by those who live in town is proof of the same thing.

The house-agents will tell you that the value of a country place is increased fifty per cent. if there is a links within easy distance. Golf brings money and all its incidental blessings wherever it goes. The amount that a flourishing golf-club spends in a locality helps indirectly almost every one within sight of its flag staff. Caddies, greens-keepers, butchers, bakers, and all the neighboring tradespeople profit more or less by the flow that keeps the well-regulated machinery of the club in motion.

If another illustration may be given it is only necessary to point to the enormous outlay for links at the various summer resorts. Almost every pastime paled this summer before the onward march of golf. No hotel in the mountains or along the coast was considered complete unless it could boast a links, and thousands of dollars have been expended in providing for the amusement of those to whom golf has become the reigning fad.

More significant still is the adoption of the game by clubs originally organized for the pursuit of some other branch of sport. One of the best links in the country to-day is that possessed by the Meadowbrook Hunt Club, of Cedarhurst, L. I., which has long been known for its devotion to the delights of the chase. The Myopia and Devon Hunt clubs, near Boston; the Essex County Country Club, of Orange; the Westchester Country Club; the Richmond County Country Club, of Staten Island; and the Ocean County Hunt and Country Club, of Lakewood, are other examples of the same progressive tendency.

Nor are the yachtsmen of greater New York far behind in this race for links. Down on the sound the Larchmont Yacht Club has built a course and club-house especially for its golfing members. At Centre Island the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club also maintains a private links. At Shelter Island, a strong yachting centre, golf has been largely patronized, while the Hull Yacht Club, of Boston, has recently expended \$50,000 in equipping its grounds with golfing facilities.

Some idea of the rapidity with which the game has spread may be gained from the fact that ten years ago there was only one club in the country where golf was played. Reference is made, of course, to the St. Andrew's Golf Club, now in possession of its spacious eighteen-hole links at Mount Hope, N. Y., where the annual tournament of metropolitan players took place in October. Then came the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, of Southampton, L. I., the scene of the recent women's national golf championship; and in 1894 the United States Golf Association was organized with five members, a number which has increased to almost 200 within the last five years.

To-day there are scores of links in the East which compare favorably with the classic links abroad. Links, like old port, ripen with age, and it would be unreasonable to expect the same ideal turf and greens as those which exist at Hoylake or Sandwich. Putting-greens require years of care before they assume perfection, but Americans, with their limitless energy and money, are fast attaining Scottish standards. The Morris County Golf Club, of Morristown, N. J., possesses one of the best of the metropolitan courses.

The club is the centre of the social life of Morristown, and its membership-rolls now include over 400 names of those prominent in Morristown society, and in New York as well. H. McKay Twombly and his wife are among the most active participants in the social and golfing activity there, and among the other well-known members may be mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Charles Scribner, Mr. and Mrs. Marmaduke Tilden, Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Thebaud, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. McCurdy.

Another leading organization is the Nassau Country Club of Glen Cove, Long Island, which was chosen as the scene for the metropolitan golf championship last spring. It was here that

incent among inland links, so Shinnecock holds its place among the best by the sea. Atlantic City, too, has elicited warm praise from such an authority as Harry Vardon, and there is talk now of making it the choice for next year's amateur championship.

The practical Scot lays it down as an axiom that "you want a heid to play gowf," and of all the men who have won prominence in golf this season, Walter J. Travis has shown conclusively that it is head-work and persistent practice that have brought him to the top. They used to say of Travis that he practiced 100 puts before breakfast every morning at his Oakland course. This is simply mentioned to show the calibre of the man. Never a brilliant player, Travis has worked his way to the championship through the kind of effort few men would undertake. Above all, he is a student—always watching for mistakes, always ready to accept advice. He has learned the game from the bottom, and can probably diagnose the good and bad points of an opponent's style quicker than Vardon himself. He is accurate, resourceful, determined. That sort of golf always wins in the end.

It is not always safe to say that because a man is champion he is the best man in a sport. There are others who can give Travis a close game, perhaps beat him. Findlay S. Douglas, who held the championship two years ago, has probably more inherent talent for golf than Travis, but Douglas is a busy man of business and cannot devote the necessary time to his game. He appears in one tournament to Travis's five, and yet he is always capable of a finished and effective exhibition. So, too, is Herbert M. Harriman, whom Travis beat at Garden City, and who until that time held the championship title.

Then there is Robert C. Watson, Jr., of the Westbrook Golf Club, who broke the Myopia record the other day; Harry Hollins, Jr., of the same club, who is expected to make the Harvard golf team this fall; C. M. Hamilton, of Baltusrol; E. M. Byers, Jr., of Pittsburg; John Reid, Jr., of St. Andrew's; A. L. Norris, of Dyker Meadow; T. Courtney Jenkins, of Baltimore; A. G. Lockwood, of Boston; J. G. Averill, of Rochester; Percy Pyne, of Princeton; Charles Hitchcock, Jr., of Yale; James A. Tyng, of Morris County; and Reginald Brooks, of Newport. In fact, it would be impossible to mention, even in this brief way, all who have taken prominence at one time or another in the game. Every club has its champion, and all have contributed more or less to the growth and popularity of this "royal and ancient game."

W. P. COLTON.



PUTTING ON THE HOME GREEN.



END OF THE DRIVE.

Miss Ruth Underhill acquired a proficiency that carried all before it at Philadelphia a year ago, and gave her the women's championship of the United States—a title, by the way, which she relinquished with such good grace at Shinnecock last month in favor of Miss Frances Griscom, of Philadelphia. It was here, too, that Miss Genevieve Hecker, of the Wee Burn Golf Club of Noroton, Conn., won the first championship title ever awarded in the district about New York. Miss Hecker was also a competitor in the national championship at Shinnecock, but, according to her guide and golfing mentor, George Strath, the Wee Burn professional, she was "over-golfed" and unable to display her best form.

The events of the men's championship are of too recent occurrence to call for more than passing mention of Garden City's ideal course. Perhaps nowhere in the country are the tenets of the game as laid down by the Scottish authorities so closely observed. Laid out by Devereaux Emmet, himself an ardent golfer and a man familiar by long experience with the links abroad, Garden City has come to be regarded by golfers everywhere as the representative course of America. The club house is a modest one, scarcely sufficient for the needs of a championship contest, but the grounds are faultless. For golfing purposes the undulating sand-dunes at Shinnecock also possess wonderful opportunities, and these have been taken advantage of with gratifying success. Just as Garden City stands pre-em-

What Reparation Shall We Demand from China?

(Continued from page 294.)

matter of choice, but of duty, since He who commanded us to preach the gospel has never reversed His command.

Under the exceptional exigencies of the present crisis there was no mistake made in sending troops to North China. To the arrival of troops we owe the lives of hundreds of our countrymen. In my humble opinion, troops would not have been needed nor lives have been sacrificed between Taku and Peking if those who were charged with communicating with their governments had given prompt heed to the early warnings of many of the missionaries, among whom I am proud to include myself. We tried to impress the representatives at Peking with the fact that dark days were coming, and our first warnings were voiced as early as last February. Had our representatives in Peking acted vigorously upon those warnings the Chinese government would have taken action that would have nipped the revolution in the bud. I say this positively, and I regret to add, with emphasis, that Americans and British were equally guilty in ignoring our information. So we were helpless, and saw the trouble

rushing upon us like a great wave, carrying thousands of inoffensive people to death and imperiling hundreds of our own countrymen, many of whom were killed.

It will be a grave mistake to withdraw the troops from Peking and Tien-Tsin, unless we are prepared to give over the vast country of China to the rascalities of a clique of yellow conservatives whose only object is the extermination of the foreigner. Let me be understood as saying unreservedly that the missionary is not the only, nor even the main, object of the current hostility of the Chinese. In proof of this I will mention that the first foreigners killed were engineers; the first houses looted and destroyed were those of railway employes, and all this took place several days before any serious attempt was made to injure the missionaries.

Before full and ample reparation is made by the Chinese government it will be a fatal mistake to withdraw any of the troops. I note, and am glad of it, that the residents of Tien-Tsin have publicly expressed their disapproval of such a course. Redress can be had as quickly as the foreign Powers force it upon China, but the Chinese are never in a hurry and fully understand the hesitating patience of the foreigner. We have heretofore been beaten in diplomacy by the Chinese, and I am fearful that it will happen again. If we are to reap any satisfaction we must bear in mind, as an axiom, the Chinese proverb that "Promises are good for nothing." The punishment of the Chinese offenders must be witnessed by the representatives of the Powers. In the presence of such facts as we have at hand, punishment must be swift and decisive, and reparation fully assured. There must also be ample guarantees for the future, and then the troops may be safely withdrawn. But one of these guarantees must be the permanent installation in Peking of an advisory board of foreigners, independent of and superior to the legations.

This advisory board should have supervisory control of all China. The Chinese government can never again be trusted with unbridled control of the empire!

Richard Brown

The Dramatic Season.

THE appearance of Madame Blauvelt in concert during the fall musical season in this country was one of its principal events. For the past three years she has been singing continually in Europe, and her stay in this country is only until the end of December. Her reappearance in New York occurred on Tuesday evening, October 16th, in Carnegie Hall. She will be heard with many of the largest orchestral and choral associations. Madame Blauvelt is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., and has been before the public as a concert singer but seven years. Three years ago she made her European debut in London with the Philharmonic Society, and achieved a most



MME. LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

brilliant success, which she later duplicated by her appearances in Germany, France, and Italy. She is the recipient of many costly gifts from members of the royal families in both England and Italy. She will return to England early in the new year, and will remain there indefinitely, as she expects to make her debut in opera shortly after at La Scala Theatre in Milan. She has never appeared in opera in this country, although she has refused several offers, one coming from Mr. Maurice Grau, of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Mr. George Clarke, the famous actor, dramatist, and stage director, for many years a member of Augustin Daly's company, and that eminent manager's chief aid in his elaborate and tasteful production of plays, made his debut in vaudeville at Keith's on October 15th. His play is "A Match for a King," which is a condensation of "Don Caesar de Bazan." Mr. Clarke's *Maritana* is Miss Lillian Swain.

Whatever may be the merits or demerits of "Marcelle," the old fashioned melodrama in which Miss Blanche Walsh is starring at the Broadway Theatre, the setting that has been given it, under the direction of its author and manager, Mr. Eugene W. Presbrey, is beautiful and effective. The most striking novelty in this connection is the ship in the second scene of the

third act. I recall nothing of the kind that has ever before been attempted on such a scale. The great hull of the vessel looms up on the stage as life-like and natural as if the ship were indeed there. It is of such size and proportions that the men and women about and upon it seem really to belong to it. No finer piece of stage work has been seen since the chariot race in "Ben-Hur" at the same theatre.



MISS VIOLA ALLEN.

Robert Drouet, the talented young leading man who is supporting Mary Mannering in "Janice Meredith," playing the



ROBERT DROUET.
Photograph by Sarony.

bond-servant, Charles Fownes, afterward Colonel Brereton of the Continental army, is not only a very clever actor, but also a playwright of ability. He has written five successful plays, including "Fra Diano" and "Doris." Last season he made a marked hit as John Storm in "The Christian." Mr. Drouet, as a boy, was intended for a clergyman. Both his father and grandfather were members of the cloth. Mr. Drouet studied for the pulpit earnestly for some time, but his early liking for the theatre overcame his aspirations toward a religious life. He was sent to Heidelberg, Germany, in his sixteenth year, and began a preliminary collegiate course. He remained there for two or three years, and then returned to America, firm in his determination to become an actor. He began his career under the management of the famous John A. Ellsler, of Cleveland, and his first engagement as a leading man was in the support of Effie Ellsler in a repertory of plays in which she toured the country. The first presentation of "Janice" at Buffalo, recently, was an astonishing success. There were five curtain calls after the first act, three after the second and calls for the author, and at the close three curtain-calls and a special call for Miss Mannering. The audience was most enthusiastic.

The experiment of giving a series of performances of grand

opera in English at the Metropolitan Opera House at a moderate price for seats has brought out large, intelligent, and appreciative audiences, and, if nothing else has been accomplished, a good purpose has been served by thus giving to the masses an opportunity to cultivate a taste for the best operas interpreted by artists who are both popular and satisfactory. Among the singers who have recently received a warm welcome are Miss Louise Meisslinger in "Il Trovatore," Miss Elsa Marny, Mr. William Wegener, and Mr. William Mertens in "Lobengrin."

Florence Rockwell's acting in "The Greatest Thing in the World," at Wallack's, shows the effect of art upon poor material. Miss Rockwell forces her part into prominence by her direct methods and the firmness of her touch. Speaking of art versus inspiration, Miss Rockwell herself says: "No one can be as great without inspiration as with it, and no one can be great because of inspiration alone. Inspiration casts over everything an illusion, but how much better it is if one can descry through a veil of inspiration the beautiful face of art, and how terrible it is if, when inspiration, which is elusive as well as illusive, is blown away, nothing is left to take its place. Art alone can succeed because real art is unfailing. Inspiration is an inconstant companion, and is quite likely to be unattainable at the very moment she is most needed. She is frightened away by illness, nervousness, sorrow, or, perhaps, refuses to hear our calls just because she is fickle. Then, too, one often meets an unsympathetic or poorly-constructed part, and under such circumstances Inspiration will be called for in vain. She smiles upon us when we are scaling the heights, but she refuses to help us when we are laboring upon the level fields of the commonplace. But art once wooed and won is our friend forever. Art first, then inspiration, and he who possesses both is the great actor."

JASOV.

Opening of the Foot-ball Season.

(Continued from page 310.)

to Weekes for a kick. He fumbled, and before he could recover and get off a decent punt the ball was blocked and rolled over the Columbia line, to be immediately dropped upon by Ristine. This naturally took the heart out of Columbia at the start.

More fumbling of punts, off-side play by the Blue and White, and poor kicking gave two more tallies to Cambridge. One touchdown by Sawin was fairly earned, and if—well, I am supposing now. But at any rate this much can be said about the Columbia team. The score on October 13th does not give a fair idea of its strength. There was a grand slump in the Cornell and Indian games last year on Columbia's part. That occurred at the end of the season. Now she has gone to pieces at the start, and there is time to remedy the evil of instability and a bad case of "rattles" right now, and Sanford can do it without doubt.

It must be kept in mind that the Columbia team must be developed slowly this year. She has yet to meet Pennsylvania, Yale, Princeton, and the Indians, and such a schedule means that no overtraining must be had, and that at least three good players must be made for every position on the team in order that the Blue and White may meet her gridiron obligations for this year. Columbia can do far better than she did against Harvard on Saturday, October 13th.

CHARLES CHAPIN SARGENT, JR.

If You Feel Depressed

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. W. E. PITMAN, Lynchburg, Va., says: "I have used it in nervous depression and dyspeptic troubles, with good result."

Summer Feeding

for infants necessitates the greatest caution and careful study of conditions. Care in diet, first and last. The use of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has largely simplified this problem. Beware of unknown brands. Get the best.

MOUNTAINS of work dwindle to mole-hills when the body is stimulated by Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—the great invigorator. Druggists' and grocers'.

All Day Sunday

SHE THOUGHT ABOUT A FOOD THAT WOULD AGREE WITH HER.

AN unnatural appetite for rich and improper food is really kept alive by the use of such foods, whereas a change to healthful, nourishing, and scientifically-made food will correct the unnatural appetite. A little woman up at Peekskill, N. Y., Margaret Smith, P. O. Box 193, says:

"I was such a sufferer from dyspepsia that life was a burden. I could hardly keep from eating all sorts of pastry, cakes, and other rich foods, although they did not agree with me, nor in fact did any sort of food. I became low-spirited and discouraged, was too weak to work, and very seriously troubled with palpitation of the heart.

"Drugs seemed to make me worse rather than better. A friend said one day: 'I believe Grape-Nuts food would cure you,' explaining that that food was made with great care and intended for the prevention and relief of diseases that were brought about by improper food.

"That was Saturday night, and all day Sunday I kept thinking about Grape-Nuts, and the first thing Monday morning I sent for a package. I had it in my mind that the food would look like nuts, and was disappointed when I found it had to be eaten with a spoon. However, I followed the directions and made a meal of Grape-Nuts and milk, which I found to be delicious, and for the first time in months I suffered no distress after eating.

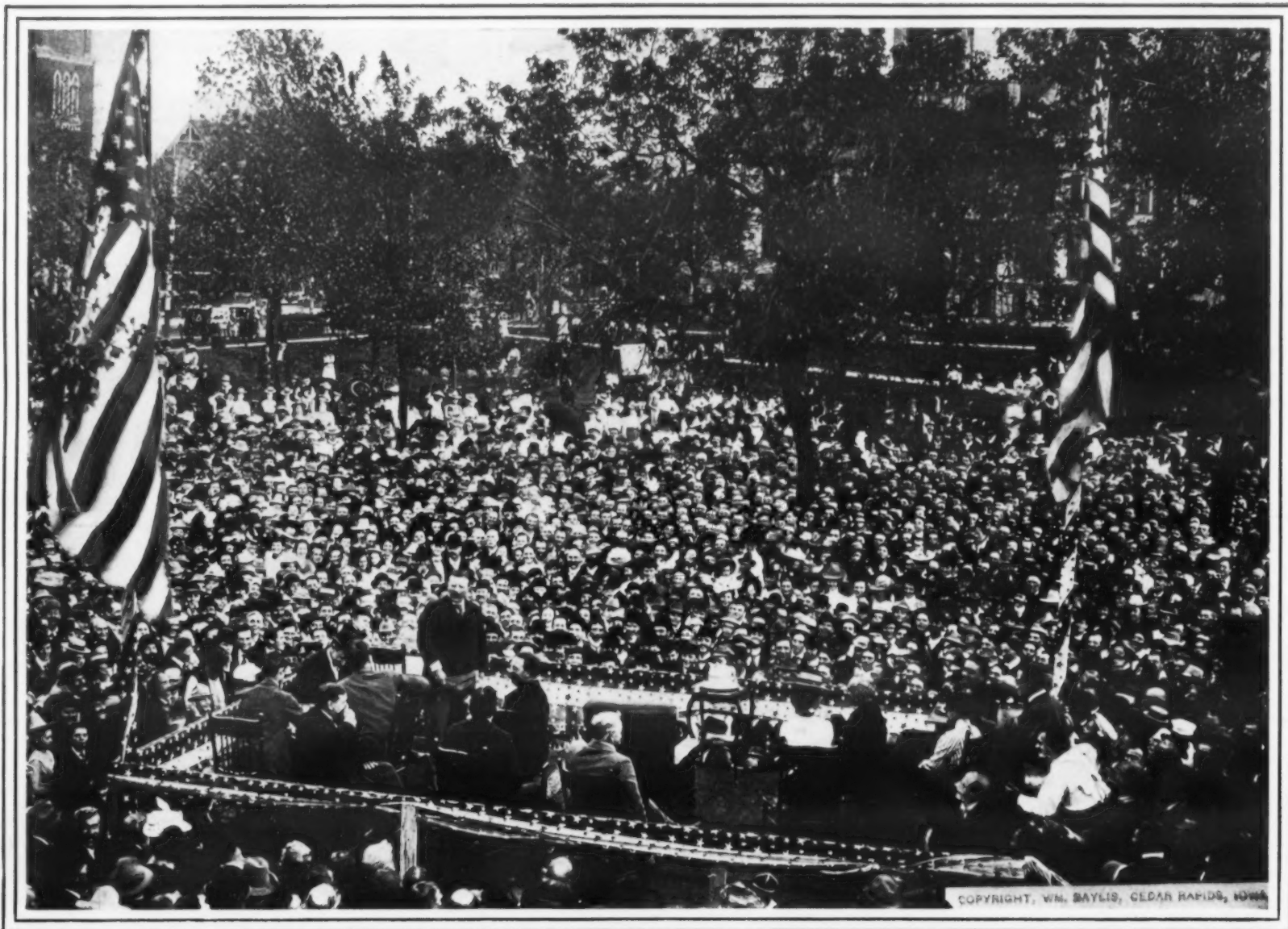
"I at once began to feel hopeful that I might be cured at last. Since that day I have used Grape-Nuts constantly morning and night, and have steadily improved in health, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life; weigh ten pounds more than I did a year ago, have no palpitation of the heart, and can work all day long.

"At supper I have Grape-Nuts mixed with soft boiled eggs. I make my dinner on any kind of food I desire. One of the best things about this cure by proper food is that I no longer have any desire for the rich, indigestible rubbish of which I used to be so fond."



THE REMARKABLE SHIP SCENE IN ACT III OF "MARCELLE," AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE
BLANCHE WALSH AS "MARCELLE," JOSEPH KILGORE AS "CAPTAIN HAIDY."

Photograph by Byron.



GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S WESTERN WHIRLWIND TRIP.

ADDRESSING AN ENORMOUS THROG AT CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—Photographed by William Baylis, Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Copyright, 1900.



1. Senator Thomas F. Grady. 2. John B. Stanchfield. 3. Richard Croker. 4. William J. Bryan. 5. William F. Mackey. 6. Mayor van Wyck. 7. Adlai Stevenson. 8. William R. Hearst.

THE TWENTY-FIVE-DOLLAR-A-PLATE DINNER TO BRYAN AND STEVENSON IN NEW YORK CITY.

MR. BRYAN SAT WITH MR. CROKER ON HIS RIGHT HAND AND MAYOR VAN WYCK ON HIS LEFT, AT THE HOFFMAN HOUSE BANQUET TO THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 16TH.—Taken for "Leslie's Weekly" by its Special Photographer, R. L. Dunn.

HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

WALL STREET, as usual, is discounting the future. The certainty of McKinley's election has been made the pretext for giving the market a sharp upward turn. Events that are discounted in advance lose their force as market factors when they materialize. In other words, if the election boom comes before election, we cannot expect to have it after election, unless new factors appear. Will they appear?

We are in the midst of great prosperity. That is the chief bull asset, and I would not discount it if I could, and I could not if I would, but prosperity sometimes discounts speculation, for the latter depends largely upon the readiness with which loanable funds can be obtained. If prosperous industries and higher prices for commodities absorb the surplus capital, speculators must bid higher for loans, and the higher the rate of interest the more expensive speculation becomes. But are we to continue to enjoy the great prosperity of the past? Not if the iron market is still an index of business conditions. Trade reports show that the production of pig iron is falling from month to month. Furnaces are going out of blast, and a large percentage of the product, instead of being sold for consumption is being piled up to await a better condition of affairs. Many believe that after election the great competing steel and iron companies will begin a bitter fight for supremacy. In that event, it is easy to forecast the fate of some of our over-inflated industrials.

Another factor that must not be forgotten is the franchise-tax question in New York. If the franchise-tax law stands, according to the figures given out by the assessors, the Manhattan Railway will have nearly a million dollars to pay in taxes, and the Metropolitan over \$400,000. The effect of such heavy payments upon the surplus earnings and the dividends of these stocks is obvious. A case is now before our Court of Appeals, involving the payment of \$2,000,000 of taxes in arrears by the Manhattan Railway. One report has it that the expectation of a judgment favorable to the railroad is stiffening up the price of Manhattan, but courts are uncertain and, as a rule, lean toward a strict interpretation of tax legislation. Tax laws are more likely to be strengthened than to be repealed.

The question of money is of no little importance. We are importing gold in considerable quantities, and every importation adds to the embarrassment of financial conditions abroad. Great efforts are being made to impress upon investors the belief that there is plenty of money and that interest rates will not advance. I observe that recently the New York representative of Baring Brothers, of London, was quoted as saying: "There is no particular money stringency anywhere. I do not think we need lie awake nights in fear of a crisis." In the very same column was a Paris dispatch in which an official of the Bank of France was quoted as saying: "At the present time there is a monetary stringency everywhere. A new monetary tension at London and a new increase in the official rate of the Bank of England will certainly recoil here and will lead to a general monetary crisis that the Bank of France can now easily avoid." About the same time advices from Vienna reported the most disastrous panic on its Bourse that had been known in many years. The truth is that financial conditions abroad are most threatening. The Berlin exchange has been on the verge of panic for months. Over-speculation of the rankest kind has been rampant in London for years. The great nations on the other side of the water are all great borrowers. We stand alone as the creditor nation, and the question is how payment shall be made to us. Shall it be made in gold, or by the return of our obligations? That question will be answered shortly, and on that answer much depends.

Meanwhile it is well to remember that prices of many stocks are now much higher than they were at the corresponding period four years ago, that there is still chance for a little excitement over the election, and that all the labor troubles have not disappeared from view. Many stocks are selling at prices that realize an abnormally low rate of interest, and foreign securities of unquestioned value can now be purchased almost as advantageously as our own gilt-edged stocks and bonds. This equalization of prices on both sides of the water indicates that a bull movement of great proportions is utterly unjustifiable at this time. My advice to the investor and speculator is, therefore, to deal with the greatest care and discrimination, and to favor those stocks which are quoted to-day at prices comparing most favorably with the quotations of four years ago.

"R. F." Rockaway, N. J.: The party has no rating.
"A." Los Angeles, Cal.: Your question is not clear. Please give the exact name of the bond.

"L." Richmond, Va.: Missouri Pacific, Union Pacific preferred, and Chesapeake and Ohio, or Texas Pacific.
"Budd," Chicago: The association does not commend itself to me. For a detailed report, consult a mercantile agency.

"N." Wheeling, W. Va.: I do not think it a sound investment, though some good names are connected with it.

"H. W. C." Monroe, Mich.: I do not think well of the concern, but for a detailed report would advise you to consult a mercantile agency.

"V. C. T." Buffalo, N. Y.: John H. Shaw, 30 Broad Street; Watson & Gibson, 55 Broadway; Spencer Trask & Co., 27 Pine Street, or any other of like standing.

"W. B. F." Brooklyn: United States Leather pre-

ferred at the price you give looks like a reasonably safe purchase. The manipulation of the common will some day give the preferred a smart advance.

"M." Minneapolis: The common stock of the Wisconsin Central will not pay a dividend in the near future, but it has merit from the speculative standpoint. The road is doing well.

"B. Z." Ohio: Illinois Central sold last year as high as 122 and as low as 105 1/2. Rock Island sold as low as par and as high as 122. Both have about equal merit and both are regarded favorably from the investment standpoint.

"J. A." Portland, Ind.: The Long Island unified fours around 95 are desirable. They ought ultimately to sell much higher. (2) Both bonds are rated very well, and the prospects of both are good. I would prefer the Long Island unified fours. (3) I would hold it for the present.

"B." Newburg, S. C.: Have nothing to do with any man who offers to give you something for nothing. The offer to share your profits and not your losses any speculator will make you. It is one that no judicious man will ever think of accepting. Wall Street is full of bunco men and sharps.

"C." New York: St. Louis and Southwestern common sold last year as low as 6 3/4, and as high as 18. It has been down this year to about 9. Its friends persist in buying it, but I see little in the common stock of intrinsic value. Manipulation may advance it. You will get out without a loss before the first of January. (2) McKinley's election I regard as a certainty.

"L. H." Cincinnati, O.: Government bonds are liable to retain their present high quotations. They are a prime investment and therefore in demand for the use of special and trust funds having safety as their prime element. (2) No; because, unless panicky conditions abroad lead to a decided selling movement here, government bonds will command present prices.

"D." Brooklyn: In observing the great increase in the stock and bonded indebtedness of the Union Pacific, you should also bear in mind the fact that its mileage has been almost doubled. Dividends are possible because the rate of interest on its bonds has been severely cut down while its business is more profitable and the country it traverses is becoming more populous and prosperous.

"G. B." Bay Shore, L. I.: Southern Railway common bought outright and held ought to yield a profit. (2) Among the best of the low-priced stocks are Texas Pacific, Wabash preferred, Chesapeake and Ohio, M., K. & T. preferred, and St. Louis and San Francisco. (3) A determined effort to support prices is being made, but old campaigners doubt whether it can be continued without interruption until election day.

"H. H. A." Providence, R. I.: Amalgamated Copper pays eight per cent. per annum—that is, it has paid quarterly dividends of one and one-half per cent. with extra dividends of one-half per cent. It is regarded as a Standard Oil property, and when originally put out was largely over-subscribed at par. If the copper market retains its strength, Amalgamated should be able to continue to pay its dividends, and in that event will sell higher. You inclosed no stamp.

"C. R. L." New York: I believe you can buy Metropolitan at a lower price. The others at the prices you give would be reasonable. I see no reason why your plan should not succeed, provided you can borrow the money on the basis of the collateral. (2) I am afraid of the Mexican proposition because of the instability of business conditions in that republic, though, speculatively, you might not risk much if you ventured a small purchase in the Mexican national certificates at the price named.

"W. W. X." Denver, Col.: Investments in the first mortgage bonds of the Rock Island, Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, and Atchison railways ought to be safe. Better investments would be the preferred stocks of the Milwaukee and St. Paul and the Northwestern railroads. (2) The bonded indebtedness of the Santa Fé is very large—over three times what it was ten years ago. Meanwhile, the mileage has increased about one-sixth. (3) American Linseed is one of the industrials which is open to severe competition from plants large and small, and competition is destructive of trade combinations. (4) The present value of the Linseed stocks is about twenty-five per cent. less than the price at which they were given out, but many of the plants were purchased at extravagant figures. (5) The drop from the promoters' price was caused by the general suspicion regarding industrial stocks, based on the collapse of several which had little or no merit. (6) The management of American Linseed is reasonably strong and energetic.

JASPER.

Life Insurance.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.]

A STRIKING and notable statement was made at the recent convention of insurance commissioners held at Hartford, and one which every person who is a member of an assessment association should bear in mind. Mr. D. D. Aitken, of Flint, Mich., was a special delegate from the National Fraternal Congress, and in his address he said that the existing fraternal assessment societies could not survive unless the rates they charged for insurance were advanced, and he and Charles E. Bonnell, the president of the National Fraternal Congress, united in the plea that the commissioners should assist in securing laws in the several States establishing certain minimum rates of assessments, so as to make it impossible for schemers to start opposition societies by offering to insure at unsafe rates. In other words, these gentlemen appealed to the commissioners for help to extricate themselves out of the serious dilemma in which they have fallen by reason of the low rates at which assessment concerns offer life insurance. When the leaders of fraternal organizations themselves confess that their organizations are offering life insurance at unsafe rates it is time for the members to look after their own interests. The experience many of my readers have had with assessment associations has been most costly. Several have written me that they would have been vastly better off had they taken my advice years ago, dropped their assessment insurance, and put their money in policies in the strong old-line companies. They might not have

carried so large an amount of insurance, but they would have had something left to show for their money.

"X. Y. Z." Chicago: As a rule banks do not loan on such securities.

"X. Y." Grimsby, Ont.: I do not regard it as one of the best. (2) Not if you are insurable in one of the strong, old-line companies.

"B." Kirkland, Wash.: Write directly to the company that issued the policy, and ask if it has a loanable value. I would not advise you to deal with a broker unless you are compelled to.

"C. W. H." Boston: I agree with your views on assessment life insurance. The constant increase in the number of death losses makes the low-rate assessment system impossible of successful perpetuation.

"W." Seattle, Wash.: It would be advisable to continue the payments, even if you have to make great sacrifices. The policy has less than ten years to run, and at the end of the endowment period you will be handsomely rewarded.

"T." Boonville, Mo.: The party you name is corresponding secretary of the company. The policy must be released if that requirement is made. In dealing with the New York Mutual Life you need not hesitate to accept the statements of its officers.

"D. J. P." Worcester, Mass.: The statement in reply to "S. Rolla, N. D." in the issue of October 13th, that the Union Central had paid about \$2,000,000 to its stockholders last year, was obviously an inadvertence. That amount was paid to its policy-holders. I thank you for the correction.

"S." Astoria, Ore.: The Washington Life, of New York, is a stock company. It reported total premium receipts last year of \$3,135,000. Its total ledger assets are given at over \$15,000,000. Its gross divisible surplus is \$732,000. It is not one of the largest companies, but enjoys a good reputation.

"R." East St. Louis, Ill.: The Mutual Benefit Life, of Newark, was organized in 1845 and is one of the oldest and most prosperous of the old-line companies. (2) Everything depends on your circumstances. If you can afford the participating policy I would take it. It is like putting money in a savings-bank.

"Trustee," Harrisburg, Penn.: I would advise an installment policy. Considering your circumstances it will give you the greatest satisfaction and the best results. Desirable forms can be obtained from the Mutual Life, the Equitable, the New York Life, or any of the leading companies. The rates are not materially different.

"Artisan," Memphis, Tenn.: The Modern Woodmen of America has the larger number of policy-holders. Its membership is nearly 540,000. That of the New York Life is over 400,000. The former is a fraternal assessment association and the latter an old-line company. I do not believe that assessment societies give as satisfactory results in the end as the old-line companies.

"Medinah," Chicago: Yes, in some respects. (2) Yes. (3) Your criticism is justified, and for that reason I think the company is not up to the highest standard. (4) Yes. (5) Bad management will ultimately ruin any corporation, however strong, but I see no such danger, regarding the companies you refer to, as even remotely possible.

"E. J. F." Baltimore, Md.: An endowment policy can be obtained from any of the great insurance companies on favorable terms. The policies are payable at the end of a stipulated period, ten, fifteen, or twenty years, or at death, if that occurs before the expiration of the endowment period. If you have no means of getting a proposition of this kind, and will state your age and the amount of the policy you would like to have, and the company of your choice, I will have a proposition sent you.

The Hermit.

New Business Opportunities.

IN resolutions adopted at a recent meeting in Chicago of the National Business League it is stated as a fact that nearly a third of the area of the United States is public land, and that 74,000,000 acres can be reclaimed by irrigation and is capable of supporting 50,000,000 people. The resolutions urge Congress to appropriate annually not less than \$250,000 for the work of surveys and maps, with plans and estimates, and not less than \$100,000 for irrigation investigations by the Department of Agriculture of the United States.

A correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, writing from a town in Eastern Maine, says that abandoned farms in that region can be bought very cheap. "Here is a little house on Sebattos, facing the panorama of the White Hills, which was recently offered, exclusive of the pine around it, for \$100. A farm of forty acres, with some pine, house and barn in good condition, plenty of grass, as Maine grass grows, was sold two summers ago for \$450. The pine in this region is very valuable."

According to the *British and South African Export Gazette*, the close of the Boer war will soon be followed by a demand greater than ever before for American electrical machinery and American electricians in that part of the world. The journal mentioned speaks somewhat complainingly of the way that the Americans engaged in this line of business have "crowded out" the English and nearly all other competitors and are likely to do even more in the future. It says: "American machinery required Americans to understand it; the mines engaged them. These engineers required Americans to drive their machinery; they were forthcoming. New machinery was required; specifications were drawn up by the American engineers in their own language, and indicating their own type of machinery. English makers could not or would not always quote to new patterns; they had made certain patterns all their lives and they were not going to change now. To the next thing was but a short step; what more natural than that American dynamos must have American engines to drive them, American pumps to feed the boilers, and to be driven by American motors, and so on *ad lib.*!"

JUST AS IT HAPPENED.

By H. IRVING HANCOCK.

(Copyright, 1900.)

EVANS bowed as he halted before a table at which two women sat in the dining-room of the Palace Hotel, in San Francisco.

One of them, the elder, bowed and smiled most graciously. The other, the younger, nodded and looked a trifle bored. Then, as if realizing that her lack of cordiality was both uncalled-for and apt to be offensive, she turned a deliciously smiling face to him.

"I am almost afraid to sit here, Selma," said Evans, immediately afterward dropping hastily into the seat as if he feared that some gesture of the girl might show him how contagious that reluctance was.

"Why?" asked Selma, arching her brows, yet looking at him with maddening indifference.

"You don't need to ask that," replied Evans, as he unfolded his napkin and next paused to gaze earnestly at her. "Not if you are in the habit of consulting a mirror often. You were always beautiful, even as a child, but your few days in California have brought about a wondrous transformation. Your face has taken on the cream and pink tints of the tea-rose. You are bewildering as you look at me now."

Evans sighed. There was a little catch in the girl's breath. She knew how Evans loved her, for he had told her so many times in the past. And at one time it had seemed almost certain that he would win her. She had never exactly loved him, but he had been so tender, so devoted, so altogether romantic, that she would have placed her hand in his, would have said that vital little word yes, if something else hadn't happened. At Leavenworth—her home for a few years—she had met Jack Chrystie. Jack was big, blond, handsome and manly—a superb and fascinating contrast to Selma's dark, rich beauty. Moreover, Jack wore the splendid blue of the United States Regular Army, and was gallant enough to grace the martial cloth. He had just been appointed a lieutenant, and had gone to the cavalry and infantry school at Jefferson Barracks for a brief tour of instruction in his new duties. When they met at Leavenworth Jack almost instantly won the girl's heart. Just at this time Selma had been on the point of giving a half-reluctant consent to Evans's urgent wooing.

Had Jack so wished it Selma would have wedded him at once, and would have gone with him to the Philippines. But Jack, with all his splendid, dashing qualities, was modest withal, and had made up his mind to win his spurs before demanding the hand promised him. Evans, filled with rage over his defeat, had managed to conceal the fact. After all, there were so many chances in a soldier's life. What if a Filipino bullet—And so Evans had secretly sent a hundred dollars to the Filipino junta at Hong-Kong, and then had gone on with his old rôle of foster-brother to the girl, who had always trusted him, even though she did not love him. Jack, fighting the little brown enemy in the far East, had been mentioned repeatedly in special orders for distinguished gallantry, but had shown an obstinate disinclination to die. Selma's face had always glowed with pride when she read of any new feat of Jack's, and Evans, biding his time and trusting to events, had never ventured upon any hint derogatory to his successful rival.

At last Jack had written Selma, begging her to join him at Manila and there become Mrs. Jack. And so the girl had traveled from Leavenworth to San Francisco. On the morrow she was to take the steamer for Hong-Kong. Her aunt, Mrs. Black, was to accompany her as far as her prospective husband's arms. Evans had come too, vaguely hoping that even yet something would turn up. He was to go no farther than San Francisco.

"How happy you look!" he said, moodily gazing at her across the table after he had given his order to the waiter.

"Why shouldn't I?" queried Selma, softly, with a far-away look in her eyes. Then, swiftly: "Robert, I earnestly hope I am not hurting you. You have been so good to me."

A spasm of pain shot across the young man's face. Mrs. Black saw it, and pitied him. She had always hoped her niece would marry Evans.

"Robert," spoke the aunt, now, "I see that you have your morning paper with you. I am sure you find us very dull company, and you really want your paper. Read it."

Though Evans protested, he opened the paper and began to read. A few paragraphs in one of the lower corners caught his eye. He read, and suddenly gave an exultant jump. Fortunately for him, neither of the women noted it. Next he looked at Selma, his eyes eloquent with compassion. He was a splendid actor!

"Selma," he said, with assumed hoarseness, "the paper says that the transport *Sherman* arrived outside the Gate last night. She is to come in dock this morning. She brings back several of the army's dead from Manila. Among them—bear up, dear!—is the body of Lieutenant Chrystie."

Swift as the flash of lightning comes the last trace of happiness died out of the girl's face. The stony pallor of her countenance would have moved any man a whit more generous than Evans.

"I—I can't believe it," she replied, with wonderful composure.

Evans rose and held the paper before her eyes. Selma read. Her composure, which would have reminded one of the stolidity of marble, still remained with her. Mrs. Black's gentle arms were around the girl in a moment.

They got her to the elevator and up stairs. Selma moved like one in a trance into her chamber, while Evans paced softly up and down the little parlor.

"Gad, what a queen she is!" gasped the man under his breath. "Could any man be insensible to that rich beauty of hers? And her fortune would set me securely on my feet."

After some minutes Mrs. Black came out of the next room. Sincerely moved as she was, she gave her favorite a look that Evans understood better than words.

"The poor child insists on going down to the government pier to claim the remains," said the aunt, softly. "Robert, get a carriage as quickly as possible."

So they drove down bustling Market Street, through the crush of rattling vehicles and dinning cable-cars. Evans had taken his seat beside the girl. His arm was about her, supporting her. She appeared to be barely aware of the fact, but accepted his assumption of brotherly sorrow at its full face worth. Evans was secretly exultant. The last obstacle to his own success had at last been removed by some lucky Filipino bullet, or by a touch of the no less deadly Filipino fever. Over and over again Evans thanked his lucky star that he had had the nerve to come as far as San Francisco. Selma did not move or speak. The apathy of despair was upon her. It did not—could not—increase even when the carriage rolled on to the government pier near the foot of Market Street. They were halted by a sentry and informed that the carriage could go no farther. They alighted and walked down the wharf, the still tearless girl holding heavily to the man's arm. The great white sides of the army transport loomed up. Already she was beginning to discharge her cargo of passengers and freight.

"Where shall we go to get the body of a friend?" inquired Evans of a sentry at the foot of the passenger gangway.

"Down below, sir, at the forward freight gangway," replied the soldier.

Down there they walked and were about to climb the gangway, when another sentry stopped them.

"You can't go aboard unless you've got a pass," was his fiat.

"But this young lady," protested Evans, with an indignant ring in his voice, "wants to go on board to claim the remains of Lieutenant Chrystie. She was his affianced wife."

"His affianced wife?" broke in a corporal who stood near by. "Then she'd better not go aboard. Lieutenant Chrystie's *real* wife is aboard."

"His wife?" demanded Selma, speaking for the first time, and with an anguished, incredulous ring in her voice. "Do you know what you are saying? Do you mean to tell me that Lieutenant Chrystie was married?"

"Well, I ought to know it," replied the corporal, slowly. "I was the lieutenant's orderly until he was killed. I've seen his wife often enough. She's aboard now, in the cabin, poor little thing, and crying like—"

"This is no place for you, Selma," broke in Evans, his heart beating exultantly once more. She allowed him to lead her three steps away, when a ringing cheer came from the passenger gangway. There was a vision of something fairly flying through the air, and then Jack Chrystie, thinner, more sun-burned, more handsome than ever, stopped directly before the frightened girl.

"Well," he cried, cheerily, "I'm not a ghost."

"But you were killed—your body is on board," cried Selma, struggling in his embrace and not knowing what she said.

"Not much! That was a fellow of the same name, but no relation—Jack Chrystie, of the Forty-fourth Volunteers. You know, dear, I belong to the regular army. The other Chrystie's wife is still aboard—poor child. But you got my cablegram, saying that I was ordered to 'Frisco, on duty at headquarters?'"

"Your cablegram?" echoed Selma, while Evans, feeling as if the last die had been thrown on a losing wager, backed up the freight gangway without really knowing what he was doing.

"Didn't get it, eh?" demanded Jack, kissing her again. "Then," he added, with grim cheerfulness, "I'll wire my colonel to-day and ask him to have my former orderly shot for neglect of duty."

Splash! Evans, not using his eyes, had been struck in the back by a long pine box that four soldiers were bringing down the gangway on their shoulders. Evans was now thrashing about in the dirty tide-water below, while men were racing about and throwing ropes to him.

Notes about Notable Women.

THE Empress of Russia was recently presented with a shawl of a remarkable kind. It is contained in a box only a few inches square, in which it fits easily, yet when shaken out it is ten yards square. This notable gift was the work of some women weavers in Orenberg, southern Russia, by whom it was presented. The box containing it is of wood, with hinges, hoops and fastenings of beaten silver. The shawl will be worn by the Czarina only on state occasions.

Mrs. Tweedle, a well-known club woman of London, arrived a few days since in New York. She had anticipated making the Sorosis Club her home while here, and was much amused when Mrs. Jenny June Croly told her that the pioneer woman's club had almost no social life beyond its monthly luncheons and annual

dinners, and that this state of things prevailed in the average American club. That Mrs. Tweedle should have been astonished to find this condition of the average woman's club in this country is not surprising, as in London there are twenty social clubs that have substantial homes, provided with all the conveniences and many of the luxuries of life. Distinguished strangers, or those who are properly introduced, may become honorary members of these clubs and make their home at the club-houses instead of at hotels.

It was a woman—Miss Bremen—who said that a true wife should be to the domestic life of a man "like a nightingale, like the sunbeams between the trees"; while Mrs. Jameson describes the ideal wife as the compound of the bread of life, which is love; the salt of life, which is work; the sweetmeats of life, which is poetry, and the water of life, which is faith.

Most people have fads in which their personality shines forth conspicuously. Take for instance that of Christine Nilsson, the noted singer. She cherishes in a unique and not inappropriate way, the memories of her triumphs on the musical stage. One of her rooms is papered with leaves of music taken from the various operas in which she has appeared. Another is covered with receipted dinner-checks and hotel-bills made out in the name of the great singer during her professional wanderings. Report does not say whether or not the curiosity-room contains a collection of keys belonging to the various apartments she occupied.

Few women have done as much for the advancement and benefit of their sex as the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. In the city of London alone she has established free sewing-schools and an organization for the training of housemaids. She has provided a shelter for homeless women, more than one-half of whom have gained courage to begin life anew. She has organized the flower-girls of London into brigades, with fixed stations, assigned to each under police protection. To provide the girls with wage earning during the winter she opened a large artificial flower factory and attached it to a home where the flower-makers are taught housewifery. Over eight hundred girls have passed through this factory, and ninety-five per cent. of them remain honest, self-respecting wage-earners. Her benefactions have been well-nigh world-wide.

Secretary Long's two daughters will be actively enlisted in the fight to re-elect President McKinley to a second term in the White House. They will not take the stump or attempt to fight out the battle on the usual lines, but will actually cast a ballot at the polls in the November election, and aid in every way that they can to help carry one State in the Union for the Republican candidates. This seems odd in view of Secretary Long's residence in Massachusetts and the absence of any law providing woman-suffrage in that State. But it so happens that Secretary Long's daughters are not residents of Massachusetts—or are not in the eyes of the law—and are therefore able to cast their votes in another State that does permit woman-suffrage. Miss Helen Long and Miss Margaret Long have been residents of the State of Colorado, within the interpretation of Colorado law, a sufficient time to enable them to register and cast their votes as citizens of Colorado. Women are allowed a vote in Colorado provided they register as voters within two months of the election. The Miss Longs have fulfilled this requirement. Besides, they have for some time past been sojourning in Colorado for the benefit of their health.

Little Stories about Great Men.

A NEW story of Tennyson is going the rounds of the English literary journals just now. A lady sitting next to him referred to his lines:

Birds in the high hall garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

"Beautiful description," said she; "one can almost hear the nightingales singing."

"Nonsense, madame," retorted Tennyson, in his abrupt manner; "they were rooks—rooks."

Some friends of Archbishop Whately, after dining with him, asked him to show them a specimen of Irish wit. Taking a stroll in the street he inquired of a crossing-sweeper which of the two the devil would take if he was obliged to secure one of them. "Plase, yer riverence, ask Father Malony yonder." "No; I want your opinion." "Och, yer riverence, I'm sorry to say he'd take me." "And why so, Terrence?" "Och, because he's sure of yer riverence any time."

Mr. Justin McCarthy tells this new anecdote of Gladstone in the last number of *Chambers' Journal*: "I was once in company with Mr. Gladstone, when some conversation took place about a very furious attack made upon him in the House of Commons one night by a member on the opposite side of the House, or of the 'gangway,' to use the expression most familiar in Parliament. The odd thing about the affair was that the assailant had hitherto been one of the quietest, most retiring, and most soft-headed men in the House of Commons; and everybody present expressed wonder that such a man could ever come to make such a display of passion. Gladstone, who had not yet taken any part in the conversation on the incident, now quietly observed: 'I have often heard that no animal is so dangerous as a mad sheep.' I am sorry to say that the unfortunate member was known among his friends from that time forth as 'the mad sheep.'"

AMONG THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Bobbie and His Pirates.

BY GERALD HILL.

(Copyright, 1900.)

"AND when the pirate ship was brought into port by the gallant jack-tars who had captured her the pirates were brought ashore, handcuffed two and two. They were marched to prison and thrown into cells with iron-barred windows and doors. One day the pirates were taken before a judge, who said they should all be hanged. It took the officers a week to hang them all, but that was the end of the wicked pirates."

That was part of a story about pirates that Uncle Dick had told Bobbie over and over again. It was a terrible story about terrible people and the terrible fate that came to them. Bobbie was never tired of hearing about it.

Bobbie's father and mother lived, during the summer, in a cottage at Brent's Bay. One side of the bay was taken up with cottages and the grounds around them. On the other side of the bay was a village of fishermen, most of them foreigners.

On hot summer afternoons Bobbie was apt to go to the slope back of the house that led down to the bay-side. At the water's edge was a little wharf to which was tied the boat that Bobbie's father kept. Sometimes the little fellow played about the boat, but more often, on the hottest afternoons, he lay under a big oak-tree on the slope. Here, with his eyes half closed, he would look out upon the bay, and past that to the ocean. During the afternoon he would see the white sails of many a craft. When one vessel would seem to be going faster than the others the little fellow would shiver and say: "I wonder if there's a pirate after that ship?"

If he spoke to the older boys about the subject that filled so much of his thoughts that summer, they would laugh and tell him that there were no pirates nowadays. Then Bobbie would hurry to Uncle Dick, the next time that relative came to Brent's Bay, and ask him if it were true that there were no more pirates. Uncle Dick would never say, exactly, but always hinted that there were still plenty of wicked people left in the world. So Bobbie had an abiding faith that there were yet pirates who roamed the ocean. He went out under the tree day after day, watching the far waters and dreaming waking dreams of these terrors of the ocean, until he had imagined more stories about pirates than Uncle Dick ever knew.

"When I get to be big," Bobbie often resolved, "I will fit out a great, great ship, with ever so many cannon on it, and will chase these pirates so long as ever one of them remains!"

Yet, as Bobbie was only six, and his papa would not let him stay away from home over night, a great many years must pass before he could go in chase of these wicked monsters of the ocean, who captured ships and took all the money and cargoes aboard of them; and who tied the honest skipper and his sailors back to back and forced them to walk over a plank into the ocean to be drowned.

At last there came a day when Bobbie had an adventure that he was far from expecting. Not seeing as many sails as usual from his watching-place under the tree, and sure that there were no pirates about, Bobbie went down to the boat, got into it and began to play. By-and-by he sat down on a cushion in the stern. His eyes closed. He was soon sound asleep. In some way the bow-line had become unfastened. Gently rocking, the boat drifted from the wharf. The ebbing tide carried it down the bay, out past the headlands. People may have seen the boat adrift, but they did not see the boy curled up in the stern; as it was not their boat they probably considered it none of their business.

It was after dark when Bobbie awoke with a gasp that ended in a howl. He was far out at sea, and the night so intensely dark that the big bright eye of the light-house looked hardly larger than a twinkling star. Moreover, the wind had freshened at such a rate that the waves were rough and broke in little crests that looked like soapy water. The boat was rocking so that Bobbie could not stand up, but clung to the thwart.

"Oh, dear, and oh, dear!" he cried, with a catching of his breath. "Am I going to be drowned?"

His next thought was still more alarming.

"It's on just such nights as this that pirates love to roam the sea! What if the monsters should find me here?"

With another gasp that was very like a sob, Bobbie looked around him in all directions. It was really awful! Less than a quarter of a mile away was a sailing-vessel with side-lights of red and green, and bearing straight down upon the boat.

"That's a pirate—I'm certain of it!" thought Bobbie with a shiver. His hair felt as if it were rising; certainly his teeth were chattering.

"And I haven't a single thing to fight with," shuddered the little fellow, looking in vain about the boat for something that would help him in resisting capture. He felt as if he would much rather sink and be drowned than taken by the crew of this awful pirate ship. Had it been possible to steer the boat he would have kept out of the vessel's course; but there was nothing to do except to drift helplessly, with that fearful ship sailing nearer and nearer. Bobbie could hear the sound of loud voices and rough laughter aboard the craft as it came nearer. There could be no doubt that men with such voices, and who laughed in such a way, were real pirates.

Closer and closer sailed the ship, a small schooner

Bobbie would have called it had he known more about the rig of the different kinds of craft. Then somebody aboard the vessel discovered the boat, saw that there were neither sails nor oars at work, and hailed the boat. The words were in some strange foreign tongue that filled Bobbie with all the more foreboding. Horrors! The schooner now lay to, and a small boat was putting off astern. In a few moments three dark-visaged men in rough apparel were alongside. How they stared when they saw the scared-looking little fellow in the stern. Then they called something back to the schooner that brought a cheer from the deck. The next thing that Bobbie knew he was lifted bodily out of his papa's boat into the other. He would have fought, but the man in the stern of the other boat was so big and strong that the little fellow knew it would be of no use.

With Bobbie's father's boat a-tow the men made for the schooner. Trembling in every limb, Bobbie sat beside the man who had lifted him. Then, as they ran up under the schooner's quarter, he was handed up to another man on deck. Half a dozen men gathered around the boy. How they questioned him, all jabbering at once, and in a language of which the boy knew nothing!

"I live at Brent's Bay," said Bobbie, when he could control his voice enough to speak. "If you'll please take me there, my papa will pay a big ransom for me."

At this there was a great nodding of heads and much smiling, while several of the men repeated, "Brenta Bay." It seemed to the boy that this must be a poor pirate ship, as there were but half a dozen men aboard of her. Furtively he looked for cannon, but there were none in sight. He concluded that they must be kept down below except when they were needed. Neither did these men who crowded about him seem to have any pikes, cutlasses, or pistols; probably they were keeping them out of sight.

But the man at the wheel headed the schooner toward the light-house. Didn't that look as if the pirates meant to run in and try to get that ransom money? Bobbie became a little more hopeful, though he soon after had a great chill when he saw the men produce knives. They used them, however, to cut up the bread that one of their number brought on deck. They offered Bobbie some of it, and also a drink of coffee that was strong enough to stand by itself. He ate and drank a little, for fear of offending them. Then, somehow, despite his awful fears, he fell asleep.

There he lay on the deck, on a couple of old coats, sleeping as soundly as he would have done in his crib at home. The schooner ran into the bay, made anchorage, and the skipper, picking up the sleeping boy in his arms and giving him something of a hug, went ashore and started on a run around to the side of the bay where the cottagers lived.

Outside of one house he saw a considerable number of people. Some had lanterns, and all were bustling about. What a shout went up when the skipper hove into sight with the sleeping boy in his arms! Bobbie was quickly transferred to the arms of his mother, now sobbing for joy over the recovery of her lost darling. Papa's eyes were wet, too, as he thrust a hand into one pocket and brought out what looked like money. But the skipper, whose eyes also seemed weak just now, shook his head, and then shook hands with Bobbie's papa.

Into the house the little fellow was carried. There he was awakened while being undressed, and papa, mamma and Uncle Dick all plied him with questions.

"And they weren't pirates at all?" asked Bobbie.

"No," answered his father. "They are Italian fishermen who live across the bay, and mighty honest fellows."

"You ought to be more careful what kind of stories you tell him, Dick," said Bobbie's mother when the little fellow was at last sound asleep in his crib.

Heroes of To-day.

A SOUTH AFRICAN contributor to the *Christian Endeavor World* tells a sad story of a noble young Boer named Philip Cronje, a prisoner at Green Point, who met his death one night while leading a prayer-meeting among his fellow captives. Around their quarters was a wire fence called the "dead-line," and the sentries had orders to shoot any prisoner who touched this wire after being warned. One night, when young Cronje led the meeting, the subject was "Our Enemies," and they were praying for them. As he held the hymn-book in his hand and gave out the hymn, "When I survey the wondrous Cross," he stepped back to get a better light, and came close to the wire without noticing it. The sentry called out, but those who were singing heartily did not hear him. Suddenly the praying band were startled by the report of a gun, and their young leader, whom they loved, fell down in their midst with his hymn-book still clasped in his hand. He died in the night after telling the doctor that he did not hear the sentry.

Heroes in common life are found nowhere so often as among the ranks of railroad engineers. The occupation of these men, the very conditions under which their lives are passed, call forth the noblest traits and develop the most heroic fibre. As a class, they are brave, generous and large-hearted. Instances where engineers have put their own lives in jeopardy for the sake of others have become so common as almost to pass unnoticed. Such an instance was that which occurred only a few days ago on a railroad near Binghamton, N. Y. A freight train of forty-five cars started down a heavy

six-mile grade, when the brakes failed to hold and the train attained a fearful velocity. The engineer stuck to his post, realizing the danger to a passenger train ahead. He blew the whistle continuously, hoping to give warning before it was too late. The passenger train was standing at a station a few miles in advance, and the engineer, hearing the whistling and equal as his fellow-worker to the emergency, pulled out of the yard, but none too soon, for the freight train could be seen approaching at lightning speed. The passengers in their terror covered under the seats, some running to the platforms and jumping from the moving train, but escaping injury. The trains raced for several miles, the freight gaining rapidly. Finally an up grade was struck, which slackened the runaway's speed, and it was brought to a stop sixty feet from the last passenger coach. The reaction on the nerves of the passengers when they realized that they were safe was pathetic, it is said, and praise for the freight-train engineer, who had faced apparently certain death to save their lives, was unstinted, as it should have been.

A ten-year-old boy, whose legs were recently cut off by a train of cars at Dubuque, Iowa, was too plucky to make any fuss over the accident. When the little fellow was taken home his legs hung limp, but he did not complain. Not a tear stood in his eyes, but the tender look he gave to those who stood by his side told plainly that he was suffering great agony. After the doctor dressed his wounds he called his parents, sisters and brothers to his bedside, kissed one and all farewell, and left a tear upon their cheeks. A second time he called his mother to his side, placed his little arms about her neck, and said: "Mother, I am going to die in a few minutes. Please forgive me for not minding you." With this the boy fell back; and as the mother said, "Yes, my angel," and took another look at his face, she found him dead and beyond all pain and suffering.

Merritt Lindsey, an Ohio country boy, saw a torn-up rail on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the other day, and flagged the next train with a red handkerchief. He is to have a place in the company's employ. A boy at Pittston Junction ran a greater personal risk to save a Lehigh Valley train from accident. He found a big oaken mine "sprag" in a "frog," and had no red handkerchief. The train passed by just after he had knocked the obstruction out, and both he and the train had narrow escapes.

Looks into New Books.

BERGER'S "French Method" (F. Berger, New York) is a compact little book of pocket size, intended for the use of those who must acquire a working knowledge of French in a short space of time.

A book that will strongly appeal to more than one-half of our population is "Womanly Beauty of Form and Figure." It is the collaborated work of twenty physicians and specialists, is edited by Albert Turner, and published by the Health-culture Company of this city.

In a neat little volume Arthur T. Vance presents "The Real David Harum" to lovers of that famous novel. The original was David Hannum, of Homer, N. Y., banker, horse-trader, and off-hand philanthropist. Hannum's life is described, and many of the "Harum" anecdotes are told in the way they actually happened. The Baker & Taylor Company, of New York, publish the book.

It is a pretty little tale, that one is better for the reading of—"A Furnace of Earth"—which Hallie Erminie Rives has written. It is the story of the woman who loves, in which respect it does not differ in the least from most other novels written. But more than that, it is the story of the woman who, because she loves, fears that her love may be based on physical attraction, and therefore not immortal. It is published by the Camelot Company, of New York.

There is a fragrance as of a whiff of old lavender that comes from a sympathetic, sincere exposition of the home life and rural society of New England towns in the last century. Such a work is that of Jane de Forest Shelton, under the title, "The Salt-Lick House," published by the Baker & Taylor Company, of New York. The habits and manners of that day are faithfully described. The personalities are clear-cut and permeated by the atmosphere of that time.

It will undoubtedly strike one, at first, as being odd that there are enough people in this country interested in the writing of brief romances to make the publication of a long treatise on the subject profitable. Yet this must be the case, since the Baker & Taylor Company, of New York, publish "Short-Story Writing," by Charles Raymond Barrett, Ph.D. Many excellent hints for beginners are offered, and there is considerable meat for the digestion of those more advanced in the cult.

It is refreshing to get hold, once in a while, of a juvenile book that does not follow the beaten paths—a book that is not only wholesome but fresh and new. Such a one is Lee & Shepard's recent publication, "Aguinaldo's Hostage," by H. Irving Hancock. It is the story of an American boy in Manila, who, to satisfy a private grudge, is decoyed within the Filipino lines. Among other adventures the young hero is saved from death by the reprieve of Aguinaldo. Dick Carson sees the fighting of the campaign from the Filipino side, escaping to the Americans only after a long captivity. There is an air of local color and truth about "Aguinaldo's Hostage" that is fascinating. The descriptions of the fighting are splendidly done by an author who was a witness of the battles, for Mr. Hancock represented LESLIE'S WEEKLY in the Philippines last year. The story is vividly told, with an entire absence of dull lines. "Aguinaldo's Hostage" is a book well calculated to make an American boy proud that he is an American boy. It is a book that will equally delight older readers, which, after all, is the truest test by which a juvenile book may be judged.

IN THE REALM OF WOMEN.

The Moral Effect of Pretty Gowns.

I HAVE chosen the adjective "pretty" rather than "elegant," "costly," or even "tasteful," because "pretty" is exactly what I mean. The other day at sunset I was on my way home, after hours of absence, and, with the pressure of desire to be beside my own hearth, felt little inclined to stop anywhere. But as I passed a neighbor's a girl I know tapped on the window and then ran to the door, throwing it open so that the light in the hall streamed out on the shadowy street.

"Come in, dear," cried my girl-friend, coaxingly; "I have something to show you."

So in I went, and with real interest examined the lovely water-color, framed in carved white wood and gold-leaf, which Fanny's friend, a young artist, had sent her for a birthday present. As I said, I know Fanny, who is one of my girls, and I know her John, and they both occupy a warm corner in my heart. One of these days they are to be married, and I think they will be very happy, so congenial are their tastes and so generous are their sympathies.

What has all this to do with the moral effect of a pretty gown? More than you imagine.

Fanny's mother died five years ago, and Fanny has been mother as well as sister to three brothers—bright, sturdy little fellows, rapidly shooting up to tall, aggressive adolescence. Fanny has had a great deal to do, far too much for one so young, if Providence had not ordained it as her duty, and some time ago she began to feel that she had no time to spend on her dress.

"It is as much as I can do," she told me, "to slip into an old gown in the morning and stay in it all day; I haven't time to put pretty dresses on, much less to make them—and then, John never gets here before nine o'clock. When I expect him I dress on purpose."

Meanwhile the boys were growing unmanageable. They were bright, loving fellows, but the street was growing increasingly attractive to them. Of their father, a lawyer, absorbed in his profession and a recluse in his library when at home, they saw little. It depended on Fanny to tide her brothers over the critical time when boyhood's barque slips over the bar into the open sea of manhood.

Fanny and I put our heads together and I urged upon her the trial of personal charm as a home missionary effort. I begged her to discard her old gowns. "Let your brothers see you simply but prettily dressed every day, looking bright and neat and sweet, with little touches of adornment about your costume, and observe whether the effect will be for good or not."

The effect was at once visible in the line of a certain toning-up of the whole house. It is not for nothing that the soldier in service is required to keep his uniform and accoutrements in perfect repair and in shining cleanliness. A profound truth lies under the strict requirements of military discipline, for he who is negligent of the less will inevitably slur the greater.

Fanny's bright, simple dresses made her more careful that her table should be attractively appointed as well as generously provided with viands; it made her intolerant of dust in the parlor; it sent her on a tour of inspection to the boys' rooms. She found, she could not explain how, that she had time enough for everything—time to go walking with her brothers, time to talk with them over school affairs and over the matches and games in which they took delight. The boys realized that they counted for a good deal in their sister's eyes, that she even thought it worth while to dress for them, and they were, therefore, on their best behavior.

You can fill out the story for yourselves. Perhaps some of you are at work in Sunday-schools and working-girls' clubs and young people's societies. Do not make the mistake of supposing that there is any merit in going into these benevolent works in a dowdy gown or an unbecoming hat. Try the effect of a pretty toilette; you will discover it to have a far-reaching influence on the side of good morals.

K. P. P.

Woman and the Soldier.

WHAT girls demand in the men of their acquaintance, their possible lovers and husbands, is not mere physical strength and show, like the guardsmen of Ouida's earlier novels—not, certainly, the protective superiority of John Halifax. The last hero is as much out of fashion as the Rochester of "Jane Eyre," or the amazing prig in "Say and Seal." Gone, all gone, these superiorities of the lad over the lass. Mrs. Oliphant's tales represented the transition, and now we have Miss Fowler, Miss Harraden, Graham Travers, and a hundred others, who depict the comrade—the obliging, cheerful, patient comrade—who is the man of her choice to the modern girl. He must be well equipped; he must be "nice," as she herself is "nice"; he must have a career of some kind and "make his mark," as she makes hers; he must be kind, but not "spoony"; a good nurse, but not fussy with his attentions; and through all he must never pretend for one moment that man has any natural or God-given supremacy over woman. The other way round, indeed. Charlotte Brontë's theory of the sexes is dead and buried on the Yorkshire moors.

We live in a day when husbands and wives go together to "functions," and the husband takes the tickets and carries the lady's cloak and looks very distinguished while she makes a bright little speech. He must still have something to offer, something to make

it worth a woman's while; but her idea of what is worth while, her sense of what she needs, has been transformed. Not some one to stand between her and the world—she can manage the world for herself. Not some one to fill her life with object and reason—she has rather to sacrifice a favorite pursuit in order to attend her comrade when he comes along. Not some one to be cleverer, bolder than she is, for that would take another woman. And so, of all men, she admires the soldier, because he is called to the one career she has no wish for and earns the one reward that she willingly sees beyond her reach. A clever politician has good chances; money and rank are more fascinating than ever; the power of the clergy over women—a lessening quantity—lies elsewhere than in ordinary admiration; but the epaulets on a man's shoulders are irresistible, and a wedding with a uniform in it counts double. War and the winner in that terrible hazard command still.

The Picket's Halloween.

We had potted a few brown natives
In a kind of a running flight;
At the edge of a lonely rice-field
We pitched our camp for the night,
And I was on picket duty
When I swear that I saw them pass,
Their gaping death-wounds dripping
Bright-red on the tangled grass.

Our captain who fell in ambush
With a bolo-slash was there,
And the bugler I helped to bury
At dawn with a hasty prayer;
Comrades who died at Luzon
Of fever and homesick pain,
And heroes of trench and skirmish—
I saw them all again.

Some were in ragged khaki,
And some in tattered blue,
They marched to a bleeding drummer
Beating a dumb tattoo.
The crutch and the crimson bandage
Each told its glorious tale
As that column of gory soldiers
Filed by in the moonlight pale.

I drew a flag from my bosom,
A silken banner small—
In battle the soldier's beacon,
In death his splendid pall.
The night-wind caught its colors
And shook them free and wide,
And the shadowy ranks saluted
The stars for which they died.

My bunkie says I was dreaming,
But I know I was wide awake;
When the midnight guard relieved me
He found me all of a shake.
I had looked on a ghastly muster—
The army I had seen
Of the dead who live in glory,
For that was Halloween.

MINNA IRVING.

Feminine Facts and Fancies.

HERE is a wrinkle which most men would have unconsciously passed by, but not so a woman. A Brooklyn woman has a mushroom-bed which was discovered by accident four years ago outside a fence surrounding her property. In it grows the *Azarius campestris*, the commonest variety. This woman's favorite way of cooking mushrooms is creaming them. She first boils them in a little salted water until they are tender, and then turns over them a cream sauce. Another method which she often employs is to put them into a baking-pan, add a little salted water, and cover the pan tightly, allowing the mushrooms to steam until they are tender. Thus treated they form an excellent dish.

Women, as a rule, are not strong on facts. No matter how startling or revolutionary they may be, they simply accept them, and that is the end of it. They never enthuse over them in man-fashion, but keep cool and calm over announcements that would unsettle a man from head to foot. But her fancies—there is the weak, perhaps we had better say the strong point, in her armor, all the stronger because of their intangibility. Any one who has ever attempted to reason a woman out of any particular fancy knows how perfectly invulnerable she is. She always proves the better "man" of the two, and scores a victory. Perhaps, after all, it is better so. Man loves her all the more for her little weaknesses and fancies, even if he does at times like to play the oak to the clinging vine.

There is "millions in it" for the woman who will make a specialty of photographing babies, for baby's photograph is one of the things which the average parent will indulge in regardless of expense. And who can know so well as a woman how, when, and where to catch a baby's likeness so as to make it appear most charming? It is quite the fashion nowadays for mothers to have their children photographed in a descending ratio after the first few years, and to be a successful photographer of infants means a rapid multiplication of business. The number of duplicates of baby's pictures is one of the paying features of making pictures of little folks. Three dozen copies is a frequent order for children's pictures, while a dozen usually satisfies the person of larger growth.

Taking the Children into Partnership.

A LADY was recently speaking of her plan to keep all business cares and anxieties from the knowledge of her children—keeping everything depressing out of their life, she called it—that they might be free to enjoy themselves as long as possible, with no feeling of trouble or responsibility. "But will that really add to their happiness in the long run?" asked an older mother, dissenting. "We have always tried to take our children into partnership—to have them share our plans and interests, and let them know what we are trying to do and what we have to live on. It seems to me that successes are more valued if they come as something one has hoped for and helped to work for; and retrenchments are more easily borne if they are intelligently agreed upon in the family council instead of forced upon the younger members with only the bald statement that we cannot afford this or that. It strengthens the family tie if the children feel that it is our home, our business, and our interest; if they know that their opinion is considered and that their votes count; it is a means of education in wisdom, self-control, and unselfishness. Life's best good for all of us lies in its discipline; not in escaping its burdens, but in learning how to bear them."

Fresh Hints on Health Topics.

A CELEBRATED English physician says in the *London Lancet* that he has found that warts may be cured by re-vaccination. He re-vaccinated a girl of fifteen who had ninety-four warts on one hand, and seven weeks after the operation the warts had all disappeared. Many other remedies had been tried in vain.

The following exercises are said to develop the lines of the figure and make walking a graceful performance. 1. Walk on tip-toe, toes slightly outward, with the knees straight, the hands clasped tightly behind the head, elbows as far back as possible. The more tightly the hands clasp the back of the head and the further back the elbows are held the better the result.

A well-known medical writer in a recent number of *Health Culture* condenses some good advice in these sentences: "Never sit when you can stand; never stand still when you can walk; never walk when you can run; never ride when you can go afoot. Don't go round a hill, but climb it; and a few flights of stairs to mount is the next best thing. Don't step slowly, even crossing a room—make everything count for training. Don't overdo; rest when tired."

In all injuries to the head the patient should be kept in a state of complete quiet. Iced water should be kept constantly about the head, and the room should be somewhat darkened. The diet should be low in proportion to the severity of the case, but always nourishing. The head should be elevated, placed upon rather firm pillows instead of soft ones. The dressing about the head should be just enough to support and protect the wound from draughts of cold, without being heating.

By far the most remedial form of treatment for obesity is to be found in increased exercise. This should be taken in the open air, and should be such that all the muscles are fully employed. But it should not exhaust the strength, otherwise imperfection of digestion will be the result. Especial attention should be paid to the exercise of the lungs. Medicine must be looked upon as of secondary importance. Obesity which is due to disease calls for treatment at the hands of an experienced doctor.

Making the World Better.

TOLEDO papers tell of the destruction of a number of bill-boards, in that city, by the fire department acting under the orders of the board of health and municipal authorities. The reason given is that the bill-boards were regular and active disease-germ incubators, a menace to health and a nuisance generally.

The *Epicworth Herald* has determined to open rooms in Manila where our soldiers will find a welcome. The plan is to make of them a combination recreation and reading headquarters. It says: "We will rent a suitable building, centrally located, furnish it in a homelike way, provide a library of wholesome books, together with a good assortment of magazines and papers, and offer various forms of unobjectionable and delightful recreation. Our plan is to place the enterprise under the care of a cultivated Christian woman now in Manila, and a personal friend of the editor. We ask chapters and individuals to aid in this mercy and help work."

Boston has an institution known as the Volunteer Public School Association, whose chief mission is to keep the public-school system of that city out of politics and within lines of faithfulness to the best educational ideals. The association asks nothing of either political party except that it nominate for the school board men of approved integrity and qualifications, who will perform their services as conscientious trustees to the public, and who will secure the appointment of teachers by the rule of merit, without regard to political "pull" or favoritism. When the proper time comes in each election year the association makes known its judgment on candidates nominated, and recommends a list of candidates for whom any citizen who desires the best for the schools may safely vote.

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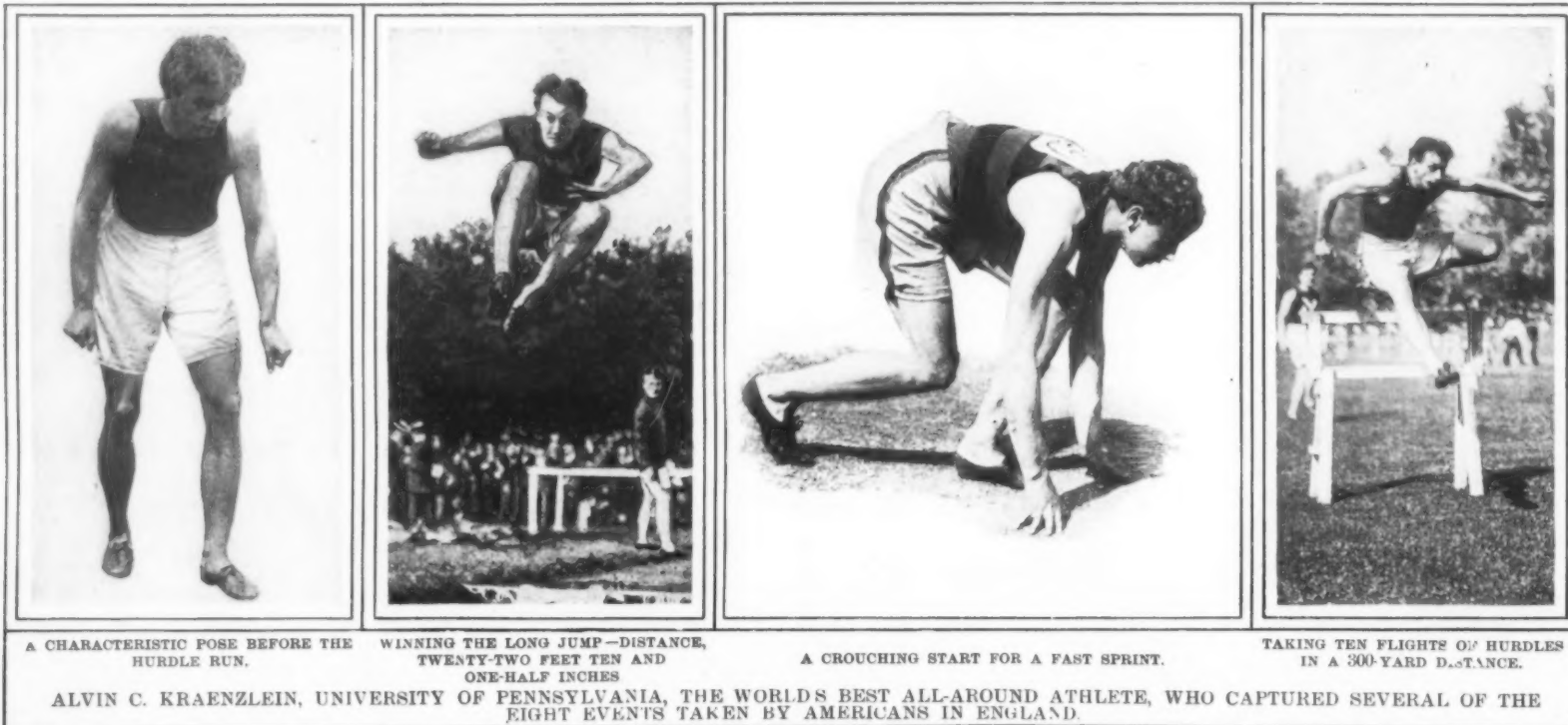
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The Best All-around Athlete.

KRAENZLEIN, THE YOUNG MARVEL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHOSE ACHIEVEMENTS HAVE ASTONISHED THE WORLD.

PHILADELPHIA, October 15th, 1900.—A marvel of marvels in the athletic world is Alvin C. Kraenzlein, of the University of Pennsylvania. After having established seven world's records by his work in America, he has just captured several of the leading events in the amateur contests for the championship of Great Britain, at Stamford Bridge, near London. Here, on Saturday, July 14th, out of thirteen events, eight were won by Americans, first among whom was Kraenzlein. His hurdle-jumping, it was conceded in the English press, was better than anything that had ever been seen in England before. These contests were participated in not only by the best talent in England, Ireland, Scotland, and the British colonies, but by teams from the leading colleges and universities and other institutions in the United States as well. While great results were anticipated from Kraenzlein abroad, it was thought that his work, at first, would not be up to his remarkable standard, owing to the difference in climatic conditions here and across the water.

This change, however, proved to have little effect, as Lord Alverstone said, in distributing the prizes, after the peerless American athlete had established a new world's record for hurdles over grass, had won the long jump, and had been applauded more than any other competitor: "Kraenzlein, we have not enough medals to give you. We only hope you Americans will come over next year and defend your cups. Then we hope to have better athletes to compete against you." His English success was repeated at the Olympian games in Paris, where he not only won first in the 110 and 200 metre hurdles, but in the running broad jump as well.

That Kraenzlein, who is twenty-three years of age, as an all-around athlete has no equal in the world, all recognized authorities agree. In fact, there is no man living who is in precisely the same class with him. The wonder of his attainments lies in the fact that he excels in so many branches of track athletics. He is not only seconds faster than the next best hurdler, but he is the best broad-jumper in the world, having cleared twenty-four feet four and one-half inches in an event, and twenty-five feet in practice. The records made by this athlete for different distances over hurdles are remarkable. He has gone the 300 yards' distance over ten flights of hurdles in thirty-six and three-fifths seconds; the 220 yards' distance over ten flights in twenty-three and three-fifths seconds, and the fifty yards' distance over four flights in six seconds. All of these records were made in doors. Out of doors, on the grass, Kraenzlein has run the 120 yards' distance over hurdles in fifteen and two-fifths seconds. This record was made at the London games, and excelled his previous best record for the same distance by one-fifth of a second. In doors, for the same distance, Kraenzlein is two-fifths of a second faster.

It was not until the recent intercollegiate games at New York that Kraenzlein developed into a world-beater in the 100-yards dash. Mike Murphy, Pennsylvania's famous trainer, had fitted him for the hurdle-races, but had paid little attention, at that particular time, to the dash. Kraenzlein himself had no hope of winning from Jarvis, Princeton's champion sprinter, so when he finished in lead of the Tiger runner his victory was not only spectacular, but astonishing.

In these intercollegiate events he made an all around record far superior to any other participant, scoring eighteen points. These points were made by winning first place in three events and second place in one, the broad jump. It was conceded that he would have been first in the broad jump had he not met with an accident in straining a tendon. The only athlete who in many years has approached anywhere near Kraenzlein's record was the late John Cosgrove, of Albany, N. Y., who, up to his time, was the greatest track man the world had produced. In the 120 yards' distance over hurdles Cosgrove was but one second slower than Kraenzlein. Cosgrove, however, could not jump within one foot seven inches as far as Kraenzlein, although he has not been excelled by any other man.

Kraenzlein gives promise of fine development along other lines of athletics than on the track. He has already put the shot thirty nine feet, and has thrown the hammer 110 feet. To the amazement of McCracken, the Pennsylvania athlete, who is not only a sprinter but a discus-thrower as well, Kraenzlein, one

day last spring, threw the discus 122 feet, or within eight inches of the world's record, notwithstanding that he had absolutely no training in this sport. Having now completed four years on the track, he will not be eligible after this season to compete in intercollegiate track events. This fall, however, he has decided to take up foot-ball, and Mike Murphy, who developed McCracken, and Hare, the captain of last year's Pennsylvania team, believes that he will become the equal on the gridiron of any man of his weight in the United States.

As his name would indicate, Kraenzlein is of German descent. His home is in Milwaukee. He is dark of complexion, and has dark, curly hair. His shoulders are exceptionally high, and his neck is short and thick. Before coming to Pennsylvania he won the Western intercollegiate hurdles. His measurements are interesting. He is five feet eleven inches tall. His legs measure thirty-five and one-half inches in length, and are remarkably long. About the chest he measures thirty-six and one-half inches, expanding four inches. He weighs 158 pounds. It was reported from Paris, after his triumphs there, that Kraenzlein had announced his intention of abandoning athletics and devoting himself to other matters. If so, the athletic world will lose one of the most promising young men it has ever known.

THAN V. RANCK.

Opening of the Foot-ball Season.

THE foot-ball season of the closing year of the nineteenth century bids fair, from present indications, to be more exciting than that of any year since the advent of this grand game. Last year saw the breaking up of what might be termed the "foot-ball trust." Yale and Princeton, of the "Big Four," were beaten respectively by Columbia and Cornell. Pennsylvania was tied by Chicago and almost defeated by other eleven. Harvard alone went through the year with every gridiron contest to her credit, save the 0-0 game with her old-time rival, Yale.

As yet, it is too early to predict the ultimate results of this fall's games. If "Old Eli" could measure her strength with Harvard or the Orange and Black, at the present writing,

she could undoubtedly win from both. Her centre is wonderfully strong in Captain Gordon Brown, Olcott, and Sheldon. These men could break up at will the corresponding part of the Crimson line, which is now the Achilles' ankle of the Cambridge outfit. It seems almost a pity that the gods athletic could not bring it to pass that the University of Pennsylvania and Yale meet in foot-ball. The struggle at centre would be a rare treat.

Campbell, of Harvard, is the best end in the country, and his partner, Hallowell, although laid up for a short time with a bad ankle, is a close second on the other side of the Crimson line. The Yale and Harvard backs are about equal. Daly is a great quarter-back, but there is no telling how far Wear, of the other eleven, may develop, so rapid has been his improvement this year. So, with the exception of the ends, the New Haven line is superior in a degree to Harvard's. As to the actual condition of the men and the progress made in the fine points of the game, Yale is far ahead of Harvard. The Princeton team began the year with the loss of her most valuable men. Hillebrand, the star tackle; Edwards, captain and guard in 1899; and Poe, who won last year's Yale game, are all missing from the line-up. The new material seems to be of good stuff, however, and the Tiger will growl louder as the season advances, even if Lehigh scored against her two weeks ago.

The Harvard-Columbia game in Cambridge on October 13th was the first big foot-ball contest of the year. Harvard's victory, while overwhelming and surprising, was due mostly to the Blue and White's fumbling and inability to punt than to the better playing of the Cambridge men. The Columbia faculty forbade Murphy and Freeman to play, and at the last minute substitutes had to be put in the game. This weakened the line, but Wright and the last year's guard, Williams, held the centre well, considering the fact that the latter had only been out for one day's practice, and had not played one game so far this year. No long gains were made through the New-Yorkers' line. On every punt Harvard gained about forty yards. Columbia sadly lacks a kicker. The Crimson's first touchdown was in the nature of a fluke. The ball was passed

(Continued on page 303.)



COLUMBIA'S FATAL FUMBLE IN THE HARVARD GAME—THE BLOCKED KICK ON WHICH HARVARD SCORED HER FIRST TOUCHDOWN.

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FAIR CLIENT—"I want to get a divorce from me husband on account of desertion."
Mr. BRIEF—"Um! Desertion, eh?"
Fair Client—"Yis. Shure, thot mon hez the nerve to want dessert three toimes a day."—Judge.

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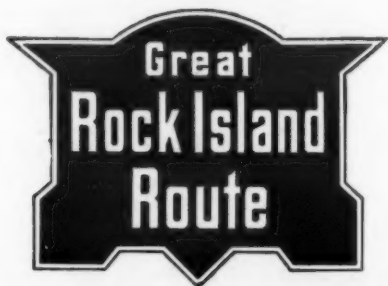
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